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The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

THE Persian Government has submitted to Russia, but too late to save even the shadow of the integrity of its country. The Mejliss adhered to the end to its decision to sanction no concessions. The Regent, at last, with the Cabinet, determined on a "strong policy" of surrender. The Mejliss was dissolved and its meeting-place closed, while the newspapers, with one exception, were suppressed. The Bakhtiari and the chief of police supported this *coup*, so that active resistance was rendered impossible. Mr. Shuster was informed of his dismissal, and last Friday the Persian Ambassador in St. Petersburg was instructed to tell the Russian Government that all three points of its ultimatum were conceded, including even the indemnity to which Sir Edward Grey took exception. Some verbal reserves were made, which translated the Russo-British demand for a veto on the appointment of foreigners by Persia into slightly less humiliating language. In return for this surrender the Persian Government did not even venture to request the departure of the Russian armies in Persia. It is even doubtful whether they desire it. They have signed away the independence of their country, and are apparently relieved to know that a Russian force is within call to support them. What manner of "reconstruction" Russia, with our assent, will now impose is not yet known.

MEANWHILE, events in Tabriz and Resht have given the Russian forward school the pretext which they desire for the formal installation of direct Russian rule in the North. It is impossible as yet to trace the exact sequence of events. Attacks were made on the Russian troops which were occupying these regions, but what special provocation there may have been we do not know. The Persians had every moral right to resist the invader, but probably their action was provoked by some incidental deeds of brutality. They are used to invasion, and have hitherto endured it passively. In any event the "fedais" who fired on the Russian troops were civilians, and probably they were Russian revolutionary exiles from the Caucasus. If Russian accounts may be trusted, these attacks were serious, and caused some losses, though it is difficult to believe that so large a force can ever have been in real danger. The Russian vengeance was prompt, indiscriminate, and cruel. On Tuesday, news, based on an official Persian message from Tabriz, reported a massacre by Russians, the sweeping of the streets by artillery, the violation of women, and the slaughter of five hundred persons, including women and children. Something almost as serious is said to have happened in Resht on Saturday.

THERE is as yet no European evidence for these "pogroms," and the wires are now in Russian hands. But something of the kind was premeditated. Before the event the "Novoe Vremya" urged that "true humanity requires cruelty," and that "the whole population of Tabriz must be held responsible and punished" for the acts of the "fedais." In the face of this semi-official programme, one is not disposed to pay much attention to the usual official denial of the news. This, however, is only the beginning. A Russian official statement on Wednesday promised the establishment of field-courts-martial to try the offenders, and "the destruction of places where resistance might be offered."

ON Thursday, the "Novoe Vremya" threatened the establishment of a regular Russian administration, with a governor, courts, and police, at Tabriz. Meanwhile, the anarchy caused by the Russian invasion is spreading to the South, and Mr. Smart, British Consul at Shiraz, has been wounded by a brigand tribe and his escort of Indian troopers cut to pieces. It is doubtful whether Russian instigation is responsible for this attack. Now we suppose there will be a British expedition to complete the ruin of Persian "independence." A rain of ultimatums, a civil war fostered by Russian agents, and an invasion have at length destroyed the Persian Government, and anarchy now exists on which, as an indispensable foundation, foreign rule will be based.

THE chief complication in the Chinese situation is still the risk of a Japanese intervention. The Imperialists are convinced, or affect for their own purposes to believe, that both Japan and Great Britain will interfere to restore the Manchu dynasty if a Republic is proclaimed. There is no doubt that official opinion in Japan is strongly monarchical. No country, not even Russia, represses its Socialists so cruelly, and a success

for the Chinese Republicans, who are tinged with what the Japanese would call Socialism, might enhance the prestige of the persecuted party in Japan. A solemn meeting of the Elder Statesmen with the Cabinet was held this week. The result is not officially known, but well-informed Japanese newspapers state it was a decision not to obstruct the formation of a Republic. Meanwhile, the negotiations between the rebels and the Central Government have resulted in an agreement to submit the issue between Monarchy and Republic to an elected Convention. The Throne will abide by its decision, and the Imperial Family is already leaving Peking. Yuan-Shih-Kai, however, insists on considerable delay, and this may possibly cause the resumption of hostilities. Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen has arrived at Shanghai, and has accepted the Presidency of the Provisional Republican Government. He is said to take the negotiations lightly, and to be bent on a march to Peking.

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WE hope that when Parliament meets some searching questions will be addressed to the First Lord of the Admiralty on the meaning of the proposal for a Naval Staff. Presumably, this body is intended to prepare plans of organising the armed forces of the country for the emergency of war. Does this mean that the ideas of the Army and the Navy are to be fused in a common scheme, and that such a method supersedes the classic idea of the primacy of the Navy in any general war-plan? If so, we can only profess regret and alarm at any such departure. Captain Faber has told us that the Cabinet considered last autumn the propriety of the landing of a British force on Continental soil in the event of an Anglo-French war with Germany. We can only hope that it discussed it only to reject it. We do not want a second Walcheren Expedition. And we are horrified at the idea of transforming the old defensive maritime strategy of this country into an aggressive adventure on land, which would incidentally cripple the free action of the Navy.

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THE absurd labor war in Lancashire has come to a head, and 160,000 weavers have been locked out in reply to the insistence of the unions on the exclusion from labor of four non-unionist workmen and workwomen. The deadlock in the weaving industry has, of course, brought the spinning mills to a stoppage. The Masters' Spinning Federation had before them two ways of preventing the flooding of the markets with yarn. They could have ordered a general lock-out; which would have been, in effect, a violation of the Brooklands Agreement, or they could have set up a short time arrangement to cover the area of stoppage in the production of yarn.

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THE Federation have decided on the latter and more moderate course. The spinning mills which produce yarn for the looms which have ceased to work are to be closed on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday of each week, the pause beginning on Saturday next. The operators are to be consulted before full arrangements are made. This involves the withdrawal from work of 150,000 spinning operatives. There are indefinite hopes of an early settlement of a dispute that ought never to have been begun. The men rely on the coming good times to force the masters to concede their point—the boycott of all non-union workers. But we disbelieve in any such issue. These vast labor revolts depend for their success on public sympathy, and public sympathy on this occasion is almost entirely withheld.

THE most important industrial event which marks the opening of 1912 is the disappearance of the National Telephone Company and the transference of its business to the State. At one stroke, as the "Daily News" points out, 18,000 new workers pass into the ranks of the Civil Service, and 500,000 miles of wire come under Post Office control. The State thus acquires a business with a capital of £25,000,000 in a social service unknown to the boyhood of the middle-aged men of to-day. It also becomes directly responsible to 600,000 citizens for a now indispensable though horribly wearing means of industrial and private communication. Let us hope that within a brief period the telephone service of one of the greatest of industrial communities will be brought up to the level long ago reached by some of the smallest.

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THE Govan Election has disappointed the openly expressed Tory hopes of a Liberal defeat, Mr. Holmes, the Ministerial candidate, being elected by a majority of 986. As compared with the last General Election, the Liberal poll has decreased by 901 votes, with a Unionist increase of 153 votes, and a fall of 1,054 in the Liberal majority. There is, however, one clue to this result. The local Labor Party had its quarrel with Liberalism, which Mr. Churchill's recent speech and the employment of troops in the Dundee riots have sensibly aggravated. On this ground their committee advised a recurrence to the old and exploded tactics of transferring Labor votes to the Unionists. The constituency has often witnessed a tripartite contest, and it now represents the once familiar spectacle of Unionism temporarily fortified by a section of the Labor vote. This policy is not, of course, headquarters' policy, and it has little immediate significance. It is needless to say that the transfer of these Labor votes in Govan had no reference to the Insurance Act.

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THERE is already evidence of a reaction from the extreme violence of the counsels tendered to the medical profession in regard to the working of the Insurance Act. A National Insurance Medical Association has been formed in Edinburgh to assist the working of the Act, and is said to have received enough adherents to secure its operation over a wide area. The West of Scotland branch of the British Medical Association held a meeting at Glasgow on Wednesday, which upheld the moderate advice of the Council, and affirmed its adherence to the six principles laid down by it. Dr. Clows reminded it that the doctors' budget is still to be settled, and that no man is yet entitled to say that anyone of their six points, including the fixing of the income limit of £2 a week, will not ultimately appear in the working code of the Act.

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WE hope and believe that the Government's suggestion of a capitation fee of 6s. a year will be realised. Such a grant gives a doctor £300 a year from 1,000 patients, at the rate of about forty-five visits a day. This, in addition to private practice, would be enough for town doctors. Country medicals might fairly ask for better terms. But obviously it will be the worst possible policy for the profession to throw themselves out of the protection of the Act, and thus leave the weaker brethren to the uncovenanted mercies of the Friendly Societies. This is the rock on which the thoughtless spirits are driving their vessel.

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It would seem as if the Vatican were at its old game of discrediting Irish Nationalism. For this reason, or in mere perversity, it has just published an English translation of the Papal decree of last October, called



"Motu Proprio," which re-affirms and embodies the Bull dealing with ecclesiastical privilege in lay courts. In effect this Bull exposes to excommunication all Roman Catholics who "compel, whether directly or indirectly, lay judges to summon ecclesiastical persons before their tribunals without canonical dispensation, and likewise those who enact laws and decrees against the liberties and rights of the Church." This would seem to carry us back to the controversy which England practically settled by the Constitutions of Clarendon. But it is probably mere *brutum fulmen*. The original Bull was the work of the reactionist Pius IX., and no sooner was an attempt made to apply it to Austria and Germany than a storm arose and it was disavowed. It is now stated that the decree applies only to countries where the old clerical privilege before the courts has not fallen into disuse. We shall be very much surprised if Irish Nationalism, which knew how to stand up to Monsignor Persico, will tolerate, any more than German and Austrian Catholics, this ridiculous infringement of the rights of the State.

A WHITE PAPER, containing documents relating to Morocco, was published on Saturday. Its chief interest consists in the covering letter from Herr Kiderlen Waechter, which accompanied the November Treaty. From this it appears that France waives her right of pre-emption over Spanish Guinea and the adjacent islands in favor of Germany, that Germany still claims a share in the railway development of Morocco, that the Treaty is meant to "remove every cause of conflict" between the two countries, and "strengthen their good relations," and that disputes arising under it are to be referred to The Hague. All of this is interesting, but for us a much more startling revelation is to be found in the secret information divulged by M. de Selves to the Senate's Committee on Thursday. He was questioned on the recent history of Franco-German relations, and the result shows the value of such a Committee in the elucidation of fact. We argued in these columns that the rough and tactless German procedure at Agadir was partly due to the resentment felt in Germany at the failure of the short-lived French Cabinets to carry out the Convention of 1909. That agreement had provided for the joint economic exploitation of Morocco by French and German capitalists, but in fact every attempt to arrange for co-operation had been thwarted from Paris.

It now appears that the fault did not lie primarily with the French. The Company of Public Works, which was to have constructed the railways, was to have included 50 per cent. of French and 35 per cent. of German capital, with 7½ per cent. of British and 5 per cent. of Spanish shares. This project, we now learn, was vetoed from London on the ground that we objected to a Franco-German preponderance. Certainly our share was small, but the mines which the railways would have served are all in French, German, and Spanish hands. Further, M. de Selves reported that Germany had complained that French influence was used in Constantinople to thwart the Bagdad railway, and this he took to be a breach of the spirit of the convention, which had provided for Franco-German economic co-operation "in Morocco and elsewhere." The gravity of these disclosures could hardly be exaggerated. They serve to explain why Germans consider that we, far more than the French, are their adversary.

AN obscure and tangled crisis seems to be in preparation in Turkey. It is difficult to decipher its

meaning, but it betrays a desire for peace in Tripoli, and is evidence of the weakened position of the Committee of "Union and Progress." On the one hand, Said Pasha, in order to free himself from the Chamber, proposes to abrogate Article 35 of the Constitution, so as to give the Sultan the right of making war and peace. The Committee, one must suppose, secretly desires peace, but will not vote it, and prefers that Said and the Sultan should bear the odium. But the Opposition, which is grouped round the new party of "Union and Liberty," having won a by-election in the capital, has now to be reckoned with, and it regards the enhancement of the Sultan's powers as reactionary. Negotiations for some sort of coalition seem to have failed, partly because Said Pasha objects to having the composition of his Cabinet dictated to him. But as a result he may fail to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority for a constitutional change. A dissolution of the Chamber is not unlikely, and a *coup d'état* is possible.

THE good effects of the new Delhi policy were apparent at the Indian National Congress, which met on Tuesday at Calcutta. It is true that Mr. Basu, the Chairman of the Reception Committee, voicing what was clearly a purely local view, said that the removal of the capital was a serious set-off to the boon of the reversal of the partition of Bengal. The national view, however, was clearly that which Pundit Bishen Narain Dar expressed in his presidential address. He unreservedly praised both decisions. He had something to say against the Press Act and Seditious Meetings Act, and advocated various extensions of the Reform Scheme. But his message was one of gratitude and loyalty, and he contrasted the treatment given by other Powers to their dependencies with that which we mete out to India. Such a speech could not have been made at any earlier congress from the chair.

MR. ROOSEVELT has this week once more thought it necessary to issue a statement that he is not "in politics," and American opinion appears in consequence to be more than ever convinced that he is a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt's rather noisy retirement appears to interest the newspapers, and he attracts rapt attention by his efforts to avoid publicity. The fact seems to be that the Republican "bosses" from the various States, who met ten days ago at Washington to talk over party prospects, experienced a momentary panic when they came to face the coming election. Mr. Taft, if he stands again, cannot rally the party, and it is abundantly clear that he will not have Mr. Roosevelt's support. The Insurgents, however, do not want Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, and are bent on pressing the candidature of Mr. La Follette. Even were the Republicans to achieve an eleventh hour reconciliation, it is doubtful if they could hope to stem the tide of Democratic success. Unity is their only chance, if they have a chance, and Mr. Roosevelt might conceivably so concentrate attention on himself as to make other people's views uninteresting.

WE propose to publish next week some extracts from a number of communications we have received from various leaders and organisations of the Churches in regard to the appointment of Mr. Brookfield as dramatic censor.

THE next number of THE NATION will contain a study by Mr. Galsworthy, and an article by "H. W. M." on "The Position of Mr. Lloyd George."

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE GOVERNMENT'S THREE-FOLD TASK.

It would be ill to deny that Liberals enter on the New Year with hopes tinged by anxiety. Great things have been done in the last twelve months. A constitutional change has been carried through which, for the first time, makes the British democracy master in its own house. The Insurance Law, whatever its defects, marks a tremendous departure in the assumption of public responsibility in the matter of sickness and unemployment. The Delhi announcement foreshadows the extension of the principle of colonial self-government to three-fourths of the Empire's population. But tasks of equal magnitude and greater practical difficulty lie before the Government, and it is hardly in the nature of things that the work which it has done should strengthen its hands for that which it still has to do. For the first time since January, 1909, the trend of the by-elections has begun to go against the Liberal Party. The difficulties of the Insurance scheme have bulked more largely in the eyes of an unprepared electorate than its advantages, and if in part the electoral losses may truly be ascribed to gross misrepresentation, it must also be recognised that whatever unpopularity attaches to the new law is likely to grow when the payments actually begin. Yet the task immediately before the Government includes two measures under which the Liberal administration of the 'nineties sank, together with a third on which the leading members of the Government are avowedly divided. If the Government had the majority of 1906, the task would still be rendered hard enough by the mere exigencies of Parliamentary time. How much harder will it be with a diminishing Parliamentary majority, with a cooling of support in the country, and with an unreformed House of Lords still in enjoyment of the powers left to it by the Parliament Act?

These are the obvious dangers of the hour; but there is much to be said on the other side. Take, first, Home Rule. The difficulties of detail in establishing self-government for Ireland—the difficulty of Irish representation, of Imperial supremacy, of financial relations—are such as not merely to yield priceless opportunities to factious opposition, but also to perplex the most disinterested statesmanship. But as to the general question, we may surely recognise since the 'nineties a profound change in public opinion. The defeat of Home Rule was, as Lord Salisbury, in one of his reflective speeches, remarked, associated with the general rise of Imperialism, and, by consequence, with the temporary decadence of the belief in self-government. The atmosphere of to-day is very different. The country has seen the healing power of self-government in South Africa. It has approved the changes intended to facilitate self-government in India. It has vindicated its own right of self-government against the House of Lords. It has even observed Imperial Germany doing homage to the principle in Alsace-Lorraine. The Conservative Home Rule campaign cannot be forgotten. The very seriousness of the international situation will compel many who might be otherwise unfavorable to consider very care-

fully whether we should not as a nation be stronger in the councils of Europe with a contented Ireland, and whether we should not do well to take action betimes for the removal of the one spot of real weakness in our own body politic. Whatever its substantial difficulties, Home Rule will, we believe, be discussed in a different spirit from that of 1893. There will be furious opposition from a faction; but the mass of the people, if not enthusiastically favorable, are not either acridly or sullenly hostile. This is not mere surmise. It is true that Home Rule was not the governing voice at either of the elections of 1910. But this was not the fault of the Unionist Party. Every effort was made to excite the anti-nationalist prejudice. Posters depicting the Cabinet receiving showers of "foreign" gold were a feature of the hoardings. But save in one or two seats in Devonshire, no Liberal candidate was much the worse. The Unionist Party cannot complain that the British electorate sent the Government back to power unwarned as to its intentions with regard to Home Rule. The Unionist cock no longer fights as in the days when he won his spurs.

Take, next, Welsh Disestablishment. Here, again, we have to reckon on the side of a moderate measure the growth of a considerable body of opinion within the Church itself, favorable to the entire freedom of religious organisations from secular control. This body of opinion counts disestablishment in itself a gain, and is prepared to pay a certain price in the abandonment of some portion of the loaves and fishes. The problem is that of striking an equitable balance. If it were seriously proposed to take the fabrics out of the hands of the body which has for centuries conducted its ministrations within them, there would be a sentimental revolt throughout the Church of England which would destroy the Bill. But with regard to pecuniary endowment in general, it must, in these days, be admitted on all hands that the State has the duty of setting the needs of the present above the dispositions of the long past. In modifying these dispositions it is recognised on all sides that it is bound to protect existing life interests. But it is further desirable that in varying the details the State should act in accordance with the general spirit of the dispositions themselves. That is to say, in the present case its duty is to make such use of the funds available as is suited to the existing spiritual needs of the Welsh nation, and among those to provide, in due proportion to population, for that part of the people which remains in the Episcopalian communion. Since Bishops and Nonconformist leaders are already in conference, it is not too much to hope that an agreed solution may be reached on these lines, which will carry with it the bulk of Liberal Churchmen. Without their sympathy, Welsh Nonconformists must recognise that it would be next to impossible, under the existing Parliamentary conditions, to get the Bill on to the Statute-Book.

There remains the Suffrage Bill. This should not make any extravagant demand on Parliamentary time. So far as men are concerned the object is to substitute a single and very simple register for the present complicated qualifications. In relation to women the question presents two or at most three clear-cut courses. The



real difficulty here is the delicate position arising within the Cabinet. To be frank on the subject, Mr. Asquith's personal position deserves, we think, a more sympathetic recognition than it has yet received at the hands of suffragists. He has, in fact, gone to the extreme limit in setting personal preferences aside for the sake of that which he finds to be the balance of opinion in the party of which he is the responsible chief. It is absurd to demand of him that he should recommend to the House a proposal to which he has avowed himself unfavorable. The only possible outcome of pressure in this direction would be his resignation, the break-up of the party, the dissolution of Parliament, and for the suffrage in all probability—shipwreck. What he consents to do is to act as the chairman who consents to be guided by the sense of a meeting, whether in harmony or in discord, with views of his own. He will make his speech and cast his vote, but if the majority go against him he will abide by their decision. The justification of this attitude lies in the history and the present state of parties on the suffrage question. The suffrage cannot be a party measure in the ordinary sense, because it divides both parties, but if it is carried by a majority in the House of Commons, it can become a House of Commons measure, and as such protected by the Government as representing the House of Commons in its passage across the hot ploughshares of the Veto. Now, if Mr. Asquith's personal position during this process is to remain an endurable position, there must be some restraint exercised by advocates of the suffrage, from his own colleagues downwards. If the suffrage controversy is so conducted as, we will not say to divide, but to weaken the moral force of the party, the chances of bringing our heavy cargo to port will be very materially lessened.

Viewed all round, the domestic situation is delicate and difficult, but by no means one for despondency. The evil that the Veto did has lived after it in the congestion of arrears of reform. We are to be working next year at questions which were ripe for settlement twenty years ago, questions which would have been solved ere now had democracy been unimpeded. The consequence is that, instead of taking big measures one by one, we are forced to drive them abreast, while we are continually occupied with the arrears of the past, and the backwash of the social reconstruction on which the progressive mind of the country is set. But the test of six years has shown us a Ministry with one or two weak spots, but, on the whole, of ability far above the average of Cabinets, while it has not revealed a particularly capable Opposition. For the nation as for the individual, the year "hides in it gladness and sorrow," but in our home politics we can reasonably hold that "naught that abides in it" need daunt us at our entrance.

#### THE MIRAGE OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.

THE year which has come at length to its stormy close, has followed in our external policy a single thread of absorbing and dramatic interest. The scene has shifted month by month, from Morocco to the North Sea and from Tripoli to Persia, but always the clue to our own

action and the key to the reading of the European situation have been the same. The profound antagonism of British to German statecraft has governed our actions, simplified our calculations, and repressed our normal instincts. Vast issues, indeed, have turned on other pivots—the rising in China, the overthrow of Diaz in Mexico, the end of the long period of Republican predominance in the States, the varying fortunes of Arbitration and Reciprocity. But these were not for us the central issues. We have become more absolutely than at any period since the Napoleonic wars a European Power, and it is round the effort to maintain our place in Europe that the passions and the anxieties of this critical year have invariably revolved. We are far from having reached a point of fresh departure. The fateful hour which saw the end of the Moroccan entanglement has struck and passed with no sign of a resolve on either side to inaugurate a new period based on a fresh reading of our interests and obligations. But it has brought at least its moment of illumination, and the perception of the gulf which yawns before us has strengthened the determination of good Europeans to restore something of the ruined Concert and the broken law before the final catastrophe of war has overtaken us.

The brigandage and the massacre in Tripoli did much to rouse a sense of disgust and revolt. The aggression against Persia, which seems in its turn also to have involved the incident of massacre, will do even more, if we know our countrymen, to stimulate the demand for a fresh direction of affairs. Two weeks ago, M. Jaurès reproached French policy with its complicity in these two outrages. The reproach which he addressed to the rulers of France may be levelled against our own. It was possible for Italy to make her unprovoked descent upon a Turkish Province only because the sharp division of Europe into two hostile camps has demoralised public opinion and destroyed all possibility of concerted action. It was easy because other Powers had made the precedent and effected the first breach in the barrier of international usage and law. It was profitable because secret bargains had guaranteed immunity to the aggressor, and even provided, as recent events suggest, for some division of the spoils. In Persia our direct responsibility for what is happening to-day needs no argument to enforce it. We had signed with Russia a Convention designed, as our Minister in Teheran explained, to remove from both Powers "any excuse for intervention," a Convention so strict that its very object was said to be that the two Powers should "not allow one another to intervene on the pretext of safeguarding their interests." Four years have passed and, to-day, we not merely allow but sanction an intervention as shamelessly brutal, as arrogant, and as final as it is wanton. We have failed to protect the suppliant to whom at the outset of the crisis we extended our good offices. At each step of the long controversy we have receded from our positions, stifled our instincts, and recoiled before the impetus of the Russian aggression. To-day, with our approval, a Persian Government has suspended the hard-won Constitution in order to sign its own submission to foreign control. It rules at length by permission of a Russian army

encamped upon its soil. If further evidence should confirm the atrocities with which this Russian army is charged, they would add only a detail of cruelty to the greater political wrong which our policy has sanctioned and forwarded. The explanation is neither complex nor mysterious. The Persian question, as Sir Edward Grey hinted in his last speech, is a phase of the European question. We are paying in the liberties of a helpless nation the price by which we hope to restrain Russia from being drawn within the orbit of German diplomacy. It is a formula of universal application. Italy must be allowed a free hand in Tripoli, because by our complacency we hope to keep her a semi-detached if not openly disloyal member of the Triple Alliance. France must be supported when she tears up the Treaty of Algeiras and haggles over the price of her North African Empire, lest she be tempted to compose the feud of a generation with her Eastern neighbor.

We must be under no illusions as to the consequences of this year's work. The coming election in Germany will mean, we hope, a great access of strength to the Socialist and peace party, but it will still leave a middle class which, on Imperial issues, is no longer divided. Our intervention in the last phase of the Moroccan crisis has closed the ranks of the middle and upper class, and closed them against ourselves. The grave contingency is that German shipbuilding will not now be allowed to drop to the lower level contemplated by the Navy Law, and that 1912 will see the rivalry in armaments prolonged and aggravated. If we would judge in what mood Germans of the ruling class, who are neither extremist nor ill-informed, regard the outlook, we have only to read the indiscreet but illuminating interview with Professor Delbrück which appeared in Wednesday's "Daily Mail." He "begins to think" that an Anglo-German war cannot now be averted. He declares that Morocco has proved England to be "the inveterate enemy" of Germany, and sees only one possible answer—"more Dreadnoughts." Incidentally this grave Professor of History, a man who moves intimately among the thinkers and workers of the ruling caste, asserts that "England deliberately planned to fall upon us without formal declaration of war last summer." That, we are convinced, is a mischievous and baseless legend. Sir Edward Grey's history of the crisis, grave and disquieting though it was, is wholly irreconcilable with an intention so criminal and senseless as this. But such legends are among the factors which make history, and if von Treitschke's successor can circulate them, they will be repeated and believed.

There is more to be learned from the Professor's diagnosis of the evil and his hints towards a remedy. He would concede a naval agreement on the ample basis of two British keels to one German, but only in return for a political understanding. When he comes to define the nature of the German desiderata, we find much in common between his authoritative exposition of the German case, and the conjectural interpretation which we have steadily advanced in these columns. The real dispute is not political but economic. Herr Delbrück declares that what Germany wants is not so much territory as

"markets." The term is not, to our thinking, perfectly exact. The real objects over which diplomacy contends are not to-day primarily the goods which can be exported in ships. They are rather the concessions, which are the strategical points of trade—the concessions which a recent Persian correspondence defined as "political." In the concrete they are railways, harbors, roads, and, of course, loans. It was over the participation of German financiers in such concessions as these that the later phases of the Moroccan dispute turned. Herr Delbrück instances the Bagdad Railway as the classical example of our "dog-in-the-manger" policy towards German expansion. To thwart this great German enterprise, we not only refused our own co-operation, but used our influence with the Turks, and, in effect, mobilised our allies, France and Russia, against the project. He goes on to urge that Germany is not "land-hungry." She receives immigrants, and has almost ceased to be an emigrating nation. Her prime quarrel is with Powers which insist, as France invariably insists, in slamming the door of trade in the face of foreigners who approach her colonial possessions. It is only in Africa that Germany could desire fresh territory, and even there not at our expense. What she ultimately wants, in plain words, is the reversion of part of the derelict Portuguese inheritance, if the Portuguese Empire should collapse or if Portugal should desire to sell—not, we hope and believe, as the result of a forcible descent on her West African possessions.

We believe, for our part, that this frank statement of the German case does, in the main, represent the facts. It ignores, of course, the mischief which has been caused by the crude manners and melodramatic methods of German diplomatists. It makes no defence of the old Bismarckian habit of duplicate bargains and re-insurances, which is even more disconcerting than bluff manners. But the essence of the matter is that the struggle for a balance of the power in Europe is, in truth, a mere mirage. Nothing in Europe is at stake. We delude ourselves into the contrary belief only because diplomatists, seated round the European chessboard, are playing with ships in the North Sea and armies on the Rhine for railways and harbors at the ends of the earth. It is a struggle for power, but the power, when it is won in this war of steel and gold, would be used only to secure a concession at Stamboul, a railway in the Atlas, or a harbor at Walfisch Bay. Stated in these terms, the problem not only admits of solution, but cries aloud for solution. The ends which Germany pursues, so far from being detrimental to us, would add to the world's wealth and advance our own trade. Our merchants have gained already from her stand in Morocco. The Bagdad Railway, especially if we shared in it, would make for order and industry in Turkey, and swell the volume of our commerce. Walfisch Bay is useless to us, but would give some value to German South-West Africa, which keeps an open door to our trade. Even the most speculative point in this programme, the reversion of Portuguese Angola to Germany, would turn a poor and decadent colony, based on slave labor, into a settlement with possibilities.

These are the realities of this ridiculous conflict,

which the pedants of our Foreign Office insist on regarding as a European struggle on Napoleonic lines. Our interests in all these issues are actually identical. It is only the friction of contrasted temperaments and difficult manners in the little world of courts and professional diplomacy which has made the obstinate misunderstanding. More than ever the whole tragical European tangle resolves itself into a simple issue. The time has come when we must seek an understanding with Germany on the basis of her real interests in Turkey and in Africa. High politics are not involved, and the interests of France are not in danger. A capable and unprejudiced negotiator, like Mr. Bryce, who, as it happens, knows both Turkey and South Africa, could settle the whole difficulty in a few patient months of work. An arrangement now would check the ruin of a further naval competition, restore the European Concert, and release us from our humiliating bondage to Russia. It is no less certain that the failure to seek it must bring again and again the renewal of the dangers of this summer. The pitcher that goes too often to that fountain of strife will one day be broken.

#### AN IMPOSSIBLE DEMAND.

THE public is amazed to learn that 160,000 weavers in Lancashire are this week locked out, and that 150,000 spinners are to work half-time because Miss Margaret Bury, of Great Harwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Riley, of Accrington, refuse to join a trade union. Such a statement sounds unintelligible; it carries no conviction. The practical operations of our business world cannot really be conducted upon such a basis of unreason. There must be some principle or policy at stake which the action of these three persons has made a battle-ground. This is the contention of the Northern Counties' Weavers Amalgamation, which during the last half-year has been seizing the opportunity of a spell of trade prosperity to press the policy of the "closed shop," the demand that when the trade-unionists in a mill are in a large majority, the non-unionists must either join the union or quit the mill. Regarded as a mere matter of strategy in the struggle of capital and labor, there is doubtless something to be said for this move. It is clearly within the right of any body of organised workers to say to an employer, "We do not choose to take work in your mill unless you employ members of our union only; if you insist upon employing outsiders, you, of course, are free to man your mill with them, but in that case none of us will contract to work for you." In fine, there is no interference with the liberty of the employer or of non-unionists, save such as is incidental to all organisation. Employers are free to exclude all unionists from their mills if they can get the labor they require outside the unions. It is a question of relative opportunities and strength of organisation. Moreover, it is natural enough that trade-unionists should cherish some resentment against non-unionists, who reap the advantages in bargaining which proceed from organisation, while they refuse their subscription and their personal support to

the work of organisation. But, granting this logic and sentiment of trade-unionism, does it justify the line of action taken by the weavers? For though the formal action is that of a sympathetic lock-out by the members of the Masters' Federation, the aggression is that of the unionists who struck to force four outsiders into their union in two weaving sheds.

The weavers seem disposed to resent outside criticism, saying "This is our affair, and we propose to fight it through." But the wider public has not merely a human, but a business interest, in any large disturbance of so important a trade. The solidarity of industry, local and national, is such that a stoppage of Lancashire looms begins at once to inflict damage upon other trades. Other branches of the cotton industry are, of course, the first to suffer, and it is surely relevant to remark that the 150,000 weavers whose work and wages are to be docked have not been consulted in a matter which so vitally affects them. If the stoppage continues, all the other trades of Lancashire must soon feel the pinch, and many thousands of workers in other national trades, injured either by the stoppage itself, or by the reduced consumption of the operatives, would smart for a quarrel in which they have no part. This, it will be said, is a result of every industrial squabble, and affords no special case against the weavers. But it brings us precisely to that test which public sentiment insists, and in our judgment, rightly, in applying to these struggles between capital and labor in particular trades. When the issue is a demand for higher wages or shorter hours, or some other substantial improvement in conditions of labor in a trade in which the existing conditions are notoriously unsatisfactory, the public will put up with a good deal of inconvenience and loss to hold the ring, and will often give financial as well as moral support to workers struggling for such tangible advantages. We would go further, and admit that there are issues of tactics upon which a policy of strike can gain wide popular support outside labor circles, as, for example, where employers engage in what appears to be a vindictive prosecution of employees who have been active organisers of trade unionism.

But a consideration of these issues indicates quite clearly why the support of most persons strongly favorable to the claims of labor will be withheld from the Lancashire weavers. To strike because some fellow-workers object to join a voluntary union means a demand that the employers shall coerce non-unionists into joining upon threat of dismissal. This differs substantially even from the related demand that the employer shall not in the future take on men and women who are not members of the unions. For it introduces the zeal and passion of a persecution. This in its turn rouses the wholesome resentment of the disinterested public against methods of intolerance inflicting injury upon persons who are acting within their rights. Miss Margaret Bury, who has tried the union and has decided that, for her, at any rate, its benefits are not adequate to its demands, will have the sympathy of the overwhelming majority of English people with her, in resisting the coercive importunity of her friends and neighbors. We may think she is lacking



in public spirit and shortsighted, even in the calculation of her own interests. But that on this account she should be forced back into the union, or that her employer should be called upon to dismiss her, seems to us a method of vindictiveness which will not succeed and does not deserve to succeed. It is suggested, we are aware, that other larger motives lurk in the background, that the question of a demand for higher wages on the part of the men, and the desire on the part of employers to apply a wholesome check upon the high prices of yarn, which the spinners have been recently exacting from the manufacturers, are the really dominating influences. But if that be so, it is particularly unfortunate for the weavers that they should have put into the forefront of the battle a piece of strategy so repugnant to the feelings of ordinary men and women. These great demonstrations of militant labor depend for their success on the support of the general community. That support may be indirectly expressed, and the feeling which sustains it may seem at first to be an impalpable or a negligible quantity. But in the end it counts. The cotton operatives cannot isolate themselves from this general public sentiment, and they will be wise not to despise it. Their unions are so strong that they can afford to rest on the substantial and irrevocable victories they have gained. They are now contending for trifles, and seeking to win them by something very like oppression.

#### THE CONGO AND THE POWERS.

It requires no special gift of prophecy to realise that in the near future the Congo will become once more, as it was in the early 'eighties, a centre of international concern. The possessions of all the African Powers touch it—the British on two sides, the German on two sides, the French on one, and the Portuguese on another. A British railway attains its southern border. A German railway, coming from Dar-es-Salaam and Tabora, will reach its eastern border in 1914. A railway partly financed by us is creeping towards its western frontier from Lobito Bay. Projects for railways from the north, both French and German, are being actively discussed. The internal administration of the Congo under its Belgian rulers is, therefore, a matter of increasing moment. The humanitarian aspect of the question was discussed in five legislatures, and gave rise in this country to a movement which two successive Foreign Ministers have publicly acknowledged as unparalleled since Mr. Gladstone thundered against the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. To it is now added a series of problems which must in themselves compel diplomatic action. Rivalries, which it pleases the diplomatists to term "national" but which in reality are largely confined to the ambitions of the diplomatists themselves; financial interests—such as those which, under British auspices, have established themselves in Katanga; the legitimate demands of international commerce; the necessities of preserving peace on the borders—these are but a few of the graver issues of international import bound up with the Congo to-day. How is Belgium governing the enormous inheritance left to her by the evil genius of her late King? Three

documents recently published contain a vast amount of information on the subject, *viz.*, the long-delayed Consular reports, for which Sir George White in the Commons and the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Lords have so repeatedly pressed, a Memorandum dealing in considerable detail with these reports forwarded to the Foreign Office by the Congo Reform Association, and the long indictment drawn up by M. Vandervelde and published as a Belgian parliamentary paper.

It cannot be said that these documents inspire confidence in the capacity of the Belgians to manage so vast a tropical estate. Anything in the nature of a modification of the old *régime* which, before annexation took place, was crumbling to pieces under the attacks of the reformers and through its own vileness, can be accurately described as a reform; and in that sense Belgium has effected some improvement. In a considerable portion of the territory she has abolished the former conception that the natural products of the country belonged to the Government, and that the natives were compelled to collect them as a "tax" for the Government, the *fons et origo mali* of the Leopoldian system. But she has abolished it in a very faint-hearted manner and with serious limitations. She does not concede that the natives have any *right* to collect the produce of their forests and dispose of them in trade—which, as the Congo Reform Association points out, "lies at the root of human freedom." She merely allows them to do so "on sufferance," and reserves to herself the option of withdrawing that right when she pleases. And if she has abolished the so-called "tax" in rubber, she has substituted for it a tax in silver coin. This, as the Consuls agree in pointing out, is a severe strain upon an impoverished and exhausted country. The restoration to the natives of their right to trade, even though it be "on sufferance," is a hollow mockery if European merchants are so heavily taxed as to be kept out of the country. Without merchants to trade with, an abstract restoration of the right to trade is meaningless. And far from encouraging the merchant, the Belgian Government has elaborated a list of imposts so formidable as practically to place an embargo upon trade. Reverting to principles long since abandoned, it is starting a great scheme of rubber plantations to be run for revenue account, which must entail further enormous demands upon native labor. This is already so reduced that the population given by Stanley at forty millions in 1878, and never spoken of as less than between twenty and thirty millions by Belgian authorities, is now admitted to be only seven and a quarter millions! It is doubtful whether history records so colossal a holocaust. Worse than all, the Belgian Government is clearly shown by the Consuls' reports to be continuing—more than three years after annexation—in a portion of the Congo almost as large as the British Isles "a direct system of slavery created and maintained by the Government . . . in all its detail . . . similar to the state of affairs which existed under Congo Free State rule." As if this were not enough, the Consular reports reveal that in the region referred to the Belgian Govern-

ment is distributing guns and ammunition to chiefs as an inducement to compel them to get their subjects to bring in ivory, and has even armed one tribe against another for the same purpose. This traffic, the report tells us, "has reached the most alarming proportions," and has become "a positive menace to the tranquillity, not only of the Belgian colony, but also of the neighboring colonies."

This state of affairs is, no doubt, less the fault of the Belgian people, who know little and care less about the Congo, than of Belgium's Colonial Minister. It is well to remember that the Belgian electorate were never consulted on the subject of annexation; that it was only carried in the Chamber by 29 votes, and that only 83 members out of a total of 166 actually voted for the Bill. That the Ministry was able to have its way, even thus narrowly, and to impose upon Belgium a scheme which avowedly ensured the perpetuation of the old *régime* for a further considerable period, was largely due to our failure to insist upon the guarantees Sir Edward Grey pledged himself to the House he would obtain from Belgium before annexation took place. Belgian reformers were anxious that England should exact those guarantees as the only method whereby Belgium could annex on a clean slate. M. Renkin, the Belgian Colonial Minister, although personally unpopular with King Albert, has managed to continue in office largely, no doubt, through the prestige which has accrued to him by the uninterrupted series of rebuffs he has succeeded in inflicting upon Sir Edward Grey. It is questionable whether in the course of her diplomatic history of the last fifty years England has submitted to such open derision as she has swallowed from this Belgian Minister. In the last speech he made on the Congo question, last year, Sir Charles Dilke gave expression to the general view of the House when he said: "I think there can be no doubt that we have received from M. Renkin such treatment as we have not had to put up with from any great Power—at all events in recent years," and on a preceding occasion he remarked of one of M. Renkin's despatches: "The Belgians treat us with contempt, with a sort of lofty scorn which is almost inconceivable." It is not, then, surprising to find in the despatches published in the latest White Book the arrogant assertion on the part of the Belgian Colonial Minister that he cannot regard conversations between the British Minister at Brussels and himself relating to the Congo as in any sense official, since the matter is one "which exclusively concerns the internal administration of a Belgian colony." Nor is one in the least astonished to observe that the same British Government which declined to recognise that "Belgian colony" at all has permitted the assertion to pass unchallenged.

It is obvious that matters cannot remain in their present condition. A Congo well and justly governed by a Belgium mindful of her Treaty obligations would assuredly count upon the sympathy of the British nation. But a Congo exploited in the manner indicated by the Consuls and M. Vandervelde, a danger to its neighbors, and maintaining an army of 18,000 troops to browbeat the miserable remnant of seven million natives, can expect and will receive none.

## Life and Letters.

### NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

A good deal of harm is surely done by the unfriendly rallery commonly directed against the good resolutions with which we begin the year. Why should a people not genuinely cynical or malicious lay themselves out to damage the growth of these tender plants of the conscience? The matter is made worse when one remembers that the harshest of these wholesale disparagements of "good intentions" is attributed to one of the most famous saints of the Christian Church. How can even the most hardy of our resolutions struggle to fulfilment in the frosty atmosphere of so much unbelief? We surely need all the faith our able-hearted friends can muster to support our will to rear its offspring.

But, perhaps, some of the trouble lies in the ways of forming good resolutions. In thought and deed we often remain in bondage to inept metaphors. The use of diaries is perhaps responsible for one of these, the suggestion that it is a simple matter "to turn over a new leaf." But it is not simple, for whatever life may be like—a river, a tree, a ship—it is not like a book with separate pages, one only exposed at a time. To speak or think of a new year of our life as a *tabula rasa*, upon which we are free to write anything we like, is to ignore the whole difficulty of the situation. A continuity of home as well as of foreign policy is inherent in the nature of all conduct. And yet, if resolutions are any good at all, they imply an amount of effective freedom from the trammels of our past. In discussing this as a practical question, we need not slip into the eternal quagmire of metaphysics, the problem of the meaning of free-will, for this is not really involved. That resolutions have some force of fulfilment, nobody questions; but what sort of resolutions for our New Year should we form, and how preserve them till the Spring has come to make them grow? Perhaps it is a pity that the New Year should be fixed so near the Winter Solstice, when the spirit of man burns low. If we could plant our resolutions in April, they might bear better fruit. But probably more depends upon the sort of resolutions we make. One of those wise-sounding men we term sages has bidden us "make our resolutions large," suggesting that by spreading our net wide enough we are sure to catch some fish. But the true economy is very different. For a large resolution is commonly a loose one, with a feeble hold both on imagination and on will. A mere resolution "to be good" is as futile as a resolution to be wise, for though goodness and wisdom are admirable fish, they are not caught in so frail a net.

No! Good resolutions, to be worth anything, should be of modest size and definite in shape. But the supreme difficulty is one of selection. And here the attitude, so often recommended, of one who in the silent watches of New Year's eve shall search his conduct during the past year, and by his own unaided self-consciousness decide on "here I failed," "this I should remedy," is, we think, of dubious value. How many good resolutions go astray just by reason of this false autopsy! Let us take a well-known example. Dr. Johnson, after much conscience-searching of his past, placed on record more than once the conviction that his besetting sin was sloth, and framed a good resolution, the failure to keep which was chief matter for repentance in his next New Year. But a more important judgment of Dr. Johnson's character and career (and none has received more detailed and more sympathetic consideration) would have given little support to such a New Year's resolution. For it would have recognised that Johnson's sloth was in effect far more productive than most men's industry, being indeed a prime condition for the opulence of conversation so ill-exchanged for the drudgery of literature.

Nowhere, in fact, would the ability to see ourselves as others see us come in more usefully than in the framing of good resolutions. Why should not our friends, or even our enemies, be pressed into the service? On this point we would make a suggestion not merely practicable but



seasonable. The ceremonial of exchanging amiable sentiments and words of purely general goodwill has evidently worked through any emotional value it may once have had, and has become an idle, even a cumbersome formality. But it might be really serviceable that once a year friends should allow themselves to offer one another a few really pointed words of good advice. Why should not the Christmas or New Year's card convey one good resolution for the coming year, expressive of some practicable change of feeling, thought, or conduct, which would, in the opinion of the sender, make the recipient a better and a wiser man? For how can we possibly make our resolution good unless we are able to correct our impression of ourself by a better understanding of the view of others than the usual amenities of an over-artificial intercourse enable us to get at ordinary times? Let Christmas be a season not for vapid compliment, but for useful home-truths. What an invaluable coupling it is that gives us the term home-truth! And yet one is carried on, perhaps too naturally, to a neighboring phrase that contains too little of the needed charity, the word home-thrust. No! After all, the friendly New Year card should give us just those truths we may not get at home, the broader and more various judgment needed for the choosing and framing of our resolutions. Surely both the sending and the receiving of such cards would give a keener zest, and, on one side at least, a more real pleasure than the current practice. It is true that the Christmas mood of some among us might be more chastened than at present, but think how much more profitable! And, besides, any sorrow or regret we felt at recognising how far our friends misunderstood what we felt to be our true characters and intentions, would be assuaged by the satisfaction we in our turn would get out of the other side of the reciprocal transaction. Many, indeed, might learn for the first time the full meaning of the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

But the wiser among us would not reject the true uses of the rite. On the sober New Year's morning, sitting alone in our study, with our cards in front of us, we should proceed by a due use of the inductive method to extract the substance of a good resolution from the multifarious proposals, and to clothe it in proper language. We should, no doubt, weight the suggestions with some measure of our private preference or aversion, and since anonymity would, we are afraid, be quite essential to the process, we could not appraise them with reference to our valuation of the senders. But surely this is on every ground a more rational way of making a good resolution than by relying on the narrow partiality of our private reading. Let Christmas be the true feast of friendship, a really profitable symposium for each and all of us. Nor is the rite completed by the mere formation of our good resolution. The chief reason why such resolutions fail is that they are kept in the stuffy atmosphere of our private conscience instead of being exposed to all the winds that blow. Kept in this secret closet they go bad. Free publication is particularly advantageous to the keeping of a resolution. We need the fullest volume of common good-will and social support for our resolves. It is, therefore, not enough that we should gather in from all our friends the material out of which such resolutions shall be framed. We owe it to ourselves and to them to make an open profession of our New Year's intentions. How admirable it would be for all of us, public men as well as private citizens, to secure for our better self this fortification of the social will! What an inspiring New Year to read in our newspaper the list of such notable professions! A leading statesman, as the result of the plainest opinion of a vast majority of his communicants, hereby resolves "That during the forthcoming year he will endeavor to lay a firm, practical basis of friendship between Great Britain and Germany." Another distinguished politician announces his intention "to reduce the pace of his legislative activity by fifty per cent., and during the year 1912 to shun the limelight." A dignitary of the Church, in response to the invitation of many friends, promises during 1912 to keep in mind

the motto, "God's in His Heaven. All's right with the world." A celebrated actor resolves that "for the good of his soul and the advantage of his art, he will act Shakespeare's plays for this year as Shakespeare wrote them."

Who knows what acceleration might be given to the pace of the world's progress, if the weak, secret, and inconsistent will of the individual received such double sustenance and support from the corporate thought and feeling of his fellow-men? Surely here is a vast reservoir of reserve power, the divine grace speaking through humanity, upon which each of us might draw to the gain of his soul and the furtherance of all good work in the world.

#### "ONLY TO BE KIND."

LAST Tuesday morning the following message appeared in our newspapers, telegraphed from Teheran on Christmas Day:—

"An official telegram which has been received from Tabriz shows that the Russians have been guilty of outrages surpassing anything reported at Tripoli. Over 500 men, women, and children have been massacred in cold blood. Houses have been entered indiscriminately, and women violated."

Another message from Teheran describes a telegram just received there from the Vice-Governor of Tabriz as "giving an appalling picture of the events of the last few days. He says:—'I swear before God that innocent women and children are being butchered in cold blood,' and he estimates the number of Persians already killed at five hundred. The Russians, he adds, pay no attention to the overtures made to them for a cessation of hostilities."

For the moment we are not concerned with the truth or falsity of these telegrams. For our immediate purpose that is unimportant. What concerns us is the attitude taken up by two newspapers of decent standing, one in London, the other in St. Petersburg. The "Standard" began its leading article last Tuesday by pouring insolent scorn upon the honorable attempt of Persia to institute constitutional government in place of despotism. "Now that the services of the Mejliss have been dispensed with," it said, "some progress may be made toward solving the Persian question." Such words are but another instance of Burke's great saying in regard to the Americans in 1775:—

"In order to prove that they have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that they ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself."

Having thus betrayed liberty, the writer in the "Standard" concluded with the following comment upon the reported massacre:—

"As for the disturbances at Tabriz, of which a Persian official gives a harrowing account, the Russians must be relied upon to restore tranquillity."

More atrocious in the brutality of its cynicism is the temper of the "Novoe Vremya." It is more atrocious because the "Novoe Vremya," being reckoned the leading paper in Russia, occupies a higher position than the "Standard," and also because its words are not a comment upon massacre but a direct incitement to it. In a Reuter telegram despatched from St. Petersburg, on Sunday, we read:—

"In three leading articles the 'Novoe Vremya' insists upon the extermination of the Persian bands, and declares that the hesitating voice of diplomacy must be replaced by the imposing voice of the cannon. 'In this case,' proceeds the journal, 'true humanity requires cruelty. . . . The whole population of Tabriz must be held responsible and punished. It must pay an indemnity to the families of the Russian soldiers who are killed.'"

We may explain that the "Persian bands," or Fidais, mentioned are volunteers trying to make some stand in defence of the Constitution and their country against the invasion of a foreign despotism. They may be rash and unwise, for the crime of Persia is that, owing to the luxury and negligence of her own former tyrants, she possesses no army and is incapable of organised resist-



ance. But in former days they would have been called heroic defenders of freedom.

On behalf of the editors of those two papers, we will admit that they do not realise what they say. Cruelty usually springs from one of three sources—pleasure, panic, or stupidity. To what cruelty panic-rage may drive him, no one knows till he has faced the awful moment himself. But in offices many hundreds of miles distant from the scene of trouble, the editors were exposed to no such terror. Nor do we attribute to them the physical pleasure that many people find in cruelty. Savages laugh with joy at the shrieks and writhings of their victims under torture. They delight to watch the gushing blood, the flaming eye, the limbs relaxing in violent death. It is a delight that survives far into civilisation; it is the pleasure of a crowd watching an execution, or even the slaughter of an ox. But the gentlemen in question do not feel it. If they had the opportunity of massacring five hundred men, women, and children in cold blood themselves, they would not do it. They would act as ordinary civilised beings—compassionate, decent, and just. It is only a vicarious cruelty on which they rely, or to which they incite.

We gladly attribute their words to stupidity. They did not realise what they said. Cruelty has been rightly called the vice of dulness. Sometimes dulness shows itself as pleasure in the infliction or contemplation of suffering. The mind and emotions are so insensitive and obtuse that nothing short of a violent shock, such as the sight or infliction of agony and death, can rouse them to an enjoyable stir. Dulness is cruel because it cannot imagine the actual effects of cruelty. So we believe it was in this case. On Christmas night, fresh from the echoes of "Peace on earth, and mercy mild," or "God rest you, merry gentlemen," a writer peruses the telegram containing a "harrowing account" of massacre and outrage at Tabriz, and, perhaps with some dim memory of "peace reigning in Warsaw," he sits down and writes his comment that "the Russians must be relied upon to restore tranquillity." Or the scene is in St. Petersburg: the Orthodox Christmas has not yet arrived, but things are preparing for it, and as a Christmas-box for the Tsar the editor is urging on the Foreign and War Offices to consummate treachery by the final subjugation of Persia. He knows well that bloodshed best ensures the overthrow of freedom. At the first rumor of resistance to the Russian invasion of a free country, he calls for the extermination of the enemy; he clamors for the imposing voice of the cannon; he demands vengeance on the whole population of Tabriz. "In this case," he cries to his typewriter, "true humanity requires cruelty." Down go the words. The leader proofs come in, and the statement stands satisfactorily in its place. The paper is made up, the broad-sheet approved. He gives the order to print off. He puts on his fur coat and goloshes, submissively handed to him by the dvornik at the door, mounts his sledge, and is whirled away to his comforting home, where we may suppose the samovar to be hissing.

What does he realise of the effect his demand for the cruelty required by humanity will have? If he beheld before him the shattered bodies, the severed throats, the soldiers storming into the houses to glut their lust, the children shrieking for mercy as bayonets plunged into their hearts, or swords cleft open their skulls, would he raise his eyes to heaven in gratitude that the requirements of humanity were being complied with? We do not deny that men of equally high position and religious disposition have acted so. We remember how at the storming of Beziers the Abbot of Citeaux was heard to cry, "Kill all! Kill all! God will know His own;" and every human being was killed, God being left to select the truly orthodox souls. We think the Editor of the "Novoe Vremya" would act differently. We can imagine him adjuring the soldiers to mercy, sheltering children, risking his life to save women from shame. Yet when he clamors for cruelty, such sights as we have mentioned are the probable and natural result of his demand. It is dulness that prevents him realising the truth. He does not know what he says. Common as

"pogroms" and other forms of slaughter have been in Russia for many years, he has probably never seen a massacre. He has spent his life among words and abstractions, undisturbed by reality. He is further removed from the knowledge of horror than the spectators at gladiatorial shows and bull-fights. He comes nearer to the music-hall audiences who shout for the enemy's blood between their cigarettes and glasses.

But, says the "Novoe Vremya," it is true humanity that requires cruelty. That piece of hypocrisy is the tribute paid of old by cruelty as a *douceur* to respectable society. That has been the excuse for most massacres, most tortures, and most oppressions since man thought it advisable to excuse cruelty at all. It was because humanity required cruelty that the Inquisition pulled the rack, that Magdeburg was wiped out, that Governor Eyre flogged natives with piano-wire, that Naples tormented her prisoners, Spain hired the torturers of Montjuich, Russia the torturers of Riga. It is likely that in slaying Bulgarians at Batak, Christians in Macedonia, and Armenians at Adana, the Turks pleaded good riddance for humanity as well as for God. All the hardships and cruelties inflicted on a population in war, all the slaughter and execution of the enemy, are now justified as humanity. Is it not humane to end war quickly? Does not cruelty bring war quickly to an end? Logic compels you to extol cruelty as humane. What other proof could a reasonable being demand?

We have lately seen Italy set out upon a crusade for order and civilisation, like Russia's crusade in Persia. Her methods afforded a fine example for the restoration of tranquillity, and the fulfilment of humanity's requirements. We remember that when the question of humane cruelty practised upon the Arabs of Tripoli was raised in Parliament, a pained "Hush!" went up from the Treasury Bench. Here, again, we recognise the difficulty of understanding words, or realising the horror of distant events. But side by side with the "Novoe Vremya's" incitement to humanity in last Tuesday's paper stood a confession from a man upon whom reality had been forced. He was Signor de Felice, a Socialist deputy, a correspondent to the "Secolo," and formerly an enthusiastic supporter of the attack upon Tripoli. Unfortunately for his enthusiasm, he went out himself and studied the trial of fourteen wounded natives, executed for a supposed part in the atrocities of October 23rd. "I have come to the conviction," he writes, "that there was not a single clear and positive fact which could bear out the charge." Referring to October 23rd, he continues:—

"I promise to write very soon the history of that hapless day, and I will then show that the responsibility for the bloodshed lies on a much higher quarter. I demand for the conquered population the observance of international law, and not the vengeance of conquerors. . . . If Italy went to Tripoli in the name of civilisation, she must behave there like a handmaid of justice. Should it be otherwise, should the gallows continue to speak while justice keeps silent, I for one shall not hesitate to proclaim that Italy is insulting the cause for which we have all been fighting, and that the alleged enthusiasm of the Government for civilisation is an insulting and damnable lie."

We are afraid such expressions would increase the pain in the "Hush!" we spoke of. They are the words of a man who cannot intone the cant of cruelty any longer, and whose dulness under the tyranny of phrases has been illuminated by vision.

#### WHAT ENGLAND READS.

WE remember still, with feelings akin to awe, a visit with which we were honored many years ago by a scholar of portentous learning and alarming prestige. He came into our room, gentle, myopic, and absorbed. To a respectful welcome he returned an abstracted answer. He smothered our modest questions and rejected the hospitable chair. He gravitated insensibly to the book-case, and for ten minutes of anxious silence he subjected its contents to a serious and systematic examination. At length he was satisfied, and with a charming smile and a belated gesture of recognition he condescended to

sit down and engage in conversation. "Now I feel that I know you," were the words in which he explained this odd opening to our interview. The scrutiny had left us too anxious to be argumentative. But we were tempted to reply that this ordeal of the books was something less than scientific. Some of the books from which he judged our character were gifts, others had been bought for a severely utilitarian end, and others, again, were review copies. We found ourselves sketching in fancy the sort of library which really would have represented the spacious ambitions of our mind, if leisure and wealth had allowed us to fill our shelves at will. It was this recollection which returned to our memory when we read the curious inquiry into the reading habits of the English public which Mr. Raymond Blathwayt contributes to the pages of the "Fortnightly Review." There is much to be gleaned from booksellers and publishers and librarians, but some reserve must be made before we assume that by these methods we have reached an inventory of the general mind. The sudden popularity of one author or another does not necessarily mean that the public has consciously or wittingly demanded his works. It may be that the period of his copyright has all but expired, and in a last effort to extract the final profit from his monopoly the publisher has produced a cheap and attractive edition. The public is the victim of opportunity, and may be lured by the printer's arts and tempted by a modest price. A new edition suggests already that fashion has returned to a neglected author. Nor are the bookseller's records an infallible guide. We buy for our friends as well as for ourselves, and often we tend to give them rather the book which we think they ought to like, than the book which they really want.

The inquiry is none the less promising, and there is much that may be learned from it. It is, if we make it boldly, an adventure into the unknown. There has grown up beyond the public which is served by the libraries or influenced by the critics a vast mass of readers that goes its own way, regardless of the tendencies of which the learned world is aware. It has no traditions, and it obeys no canons of criticism. It is totally uninfluenced by the judgments of the pundits and the connoisseurs. It knows what it wants, when chance happens to serve it, and no one else knows its wants unless it be the anxious and speculative publisher who caters for it as apprehensively as the keeper who feeds a capricious serpent at the Zoo. Mr. Arnold Bennett has made the romance of serving this public the foundation of one of his merriest satires. The "Great Man" leapt into fame and wealth with a novel which every critic damned and every publisher but one rejected. The publisher learns only by long experience that his own judgment is vitiated by education. If he is to divine what this public wants he must first simplify his mind to a level of naïveté and sentimentality which it requires no contemptible feat of the imagination to conceive. The process of catering for this intellectual proletariat has now gone so far that the most popular book of the year is apt to be a novel which no educated man has read, and of which one may safely predict that, in spite of its obscure fame, its very name will remain unknown to educated readers. One learns with a sort of stupefaction that the most popular book of the day is a sentimental tale with a semi-religious motive which rejoices in the title of "The Rosary." No cultivated mind could enjoy it, or even read it unless it were from the motives which influence the explorer who investigates the mental life of a backward tribe. But the fortunate publisher has contrived to sell over 400,000 copies of it. The advent of the sixpenny novel means, one suspects, that the commercial production of fiction will become the business exclusively of pens which will write consciously for this newly-discovered public. It seems to be indifferent to reputations. It will welcome an unknown writer whom no critic praises, and it cannot be intimidated into reading a book which the educated world has agreed to praise. It seems to lag a whole generation behind the cultivated taste of the day, and what is really desolating in its choice is that it positively prefers the inferior workman, the crude colorist, the unrestrained sentimentalist whose work is not merely

out of date, but actually inferior in its own kind and vein. This illiterate literature, firmly based on the new conditions of large production, seems to threaten the creative fiction of the future as seriously as the cinematograph threatens the popular drama.

Some interesting conclusions may be based on the evidence which Mr. Blathwayt has collected from booksellers and librarians regarding the taste of various classes of readers. Some of his deductions we imagine indicate no new development. The reading of memoirs and biographies was always popular in "society" and on its fringes, while to the homely reader beyond its pale, the doings and sayings of its unfamiliar personages cannot ever have been a subject of keen curiosity. Memoirs are printed gossip, and it is commonly about one's neighbors and intimates that one chooses to chatter. But the decay of theology is a new and apparently a general symptom. The fashionable bookseller and the popular librarian tell the same tale. Theology is read no longer, and society turns in its place to the elegant mystic, or the interpreter of strange creeds. The attack and the defence have alike ceased to interest it. Our generation has produced no Huxley, and the literature of the Higher Criticism has become, we are told, a specialist's study. The more serious reading public, on the other hand, has developed an intense interest in books which deal with the problem of immortality. It seems to show the will to believe qualified by the demand for evidence, and it turns eagerly to writers like Sir Oliver Lodge, whose research into these mysteries is conducted with sympathy, while it is checked by a critical temper.

The discriminating bookseller has much to tell us that is curious and interesting regarding the tastes and habits of women readers. Since Addison won immortality by writing for the tea-table, a tradition that women demanded something in literature as slight and frivolous and ineffectual as the ideal of character which the old-world man imposed on the old-world maid, has lurked in Grub Street. It is hopelessly out-of-date to-day. The unanimous evidence of the experts seems to be that the educated woman of to-day is rather more serious in her reading than the man of the same class. In the upper strata of society, men, we are told, prefer the novel of action; women ask for introspection and psychology, or for the novel with a sociological purpose. We are assured on good authority that "women typists are serious," and even that they read the "Hibbert Journal" and the Webbs. Below this level of intelligence, however, there still welters the old, unleavened mass of sentimentality which is still satisfied with Miss Annie Swan. The real fact is, we imagine, that the active-minded and relatively well-educated young woman has not yet conquered her due place in the labor market. She turns to type-writing, not because that comparatively mechanical occupation is the natural employment which calls out her faculties, but simply because it is so often the only career that opens to her. It is from her ranks that the army of revolt is most largely recruited, and we suspect that further inquiry would show that she reads Olive Schreiner and Cicely Hamilton, not to mention the minor prophets of feminism, at least as eagerly as she reads Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

Like our friend, the scholar, we want to feel that we "know" the various sections of our countrymen and countrywomen whose tastes the librarians have studied for us. They have confirmed some conclusions which we might have reached by other methods. There remains some valuable evidence concerning the reading artisan. A generation past he certainly was largely busied in the poor little "Mechanics' Institutes" of his day with the larger questions of human destiny. He was fiercely atheistic or militantly orthodox. He read the more popular controversial literature that raged round the great figures of Darwin and Spencer and Huxley. Hugh Miller, who roughly advised him to leave politics alone and to regard the Old Red Sandstone as the proper study of laboring mankind, was an early and extreme forerunner of this type. It was the age of Bradlaugh, and it found a much more serious occupation for its mind



in the duel of faith with science than in party politics. It could call for "reform" without reading books, and conduct a Trade Union without exhaustive study. To-day, the experts tell us, Socialism has changed its habits of reading. The experience of the public librarian of Battersea is that Socialism has "arrested the spirit of curiosity and love of speculation which distinguished the last generation of artisans, and has concentrated attention on social questions as the only things that matter." The serious artisan, like the intellectual proletarian among women, is bent on changing an uncongenial world rather than on understanding it, or if he labors to understand, it is only that he may be the better able to act. The deliberate scholar, having completed his survey of the bookcase, may please himself about taking a chair and opening a conversation. The chances are, we think, that the exchange of ideas will not proceed very far. It is not at all a leisurely bookcase. It has anything but a dialectical look. It means action and movement and change. One might in a moment of nervousness mistake it for an armory.

### THE FIGHT FOR SPRING.

If the fight has not truly begun yet, it is only because the enemy, Winter, fails to come on. A walk on Christmas Day gave us wild flowers almost in abundance, and those not the flowers of early winter but stragglers of summer. A field, wherein the sheep were turning swedes into gold, was yellow with charlock blossom; the banks of the lane were rampant with vetch, whose luxuriance was crowned with not a few double blossoms; violets and hawkweed, daisies and ground-ivy, groundsel and chickweed were easy to find. The garden, of course, shows greater magnificence than this. The winter jessamine is like a flame on the house-wall, laurestinus splits its brown buds into bunches of white blossom, the roses of hellebore star the ground, all more or less in their season, while many other summer things, from wall-flower to snapdragon, declare in blossom their contempt for so poor a winter.

So mild an opening of the year is not a benefit but an insult to the pugnacious winter aconite and snow-drop. It threatens to give them no fair opportunity of "coming out strong." There can no more be vigorous winter blossom without the repression of frost than champagne without a cork. They must struggle against the pressure of cold, warming for themselves a little niche with their own heart's growth, checked but not driven back by the nip of winter in January, and then, all at once, like springs released, leap out in laughing battalions on a merely half-cold day that they call summer. Such a day as these at the end of our present year would suit them admirably, but they must have at least another month's preparation, with frost and snow, to give a zest to their hardy sap. The stragglers that come before the day of the multitude are but poor things hastily vamped up to catch a false dawn, fallers-off from the discipline of the host, and henceforth in their progeny to be cut off from its glories.

It seems that a touch of frost just now is as necessary for the ripening of roots as the sunshine of last May or the sleep of summer and autumn. It gives a new granulation and crispness that makes in living material a change like that from iron to tempered steel. We recognise it in our celery, which is never good till a frost has touched it, though we never wonder whether the same change that pleases our palate would be also beneficial to next year's seed if the stick had been allowed to grow. The rhubarb root that has been artificially exposed to a frost forces much more vigorously than one that has been protected, and the hyacinths in our parks obviously blossom better for being in the ground through the cold weather. A million winters have given us the right to expect one winter more, and have made it as essential to our well-being as the summer itself. There is no evil, only some good things have their value in being regarded as evils.

Just as there are two solar festivals, each of them celebrated as a beginning, the Winter Solstice and the Vernal Equinox, so there are two months at the same interval, each having a name that signifies "opening." January is *janua*, a gate which from now on must be pushed at and pushed at till it stands fully open (*aperire*) in April. In the most popular of dictionaries of phrase and fable, the name of January is said to have been named from Janus, the god of war. At any rate, it stands for an upward fight, a forcing of the ghât that leads to summer, a fight not without casualties of a magnitude to cheer the Malthusian. In our country it is a bareserk fight on the part of Nature. Instead of a long and unseen struggle beneath the snow, every wavering incident is seen in the open, the nips of a very modest frost are pretty shrewd where there is no armor, but the flag of spring waves on the least provocation, and its advance can be marked almost daily.

The late hot summer has encouraged the birds to more than their usual improvidence. Everyone knows now, or at any rate those not dependent on foreign supplies know, that berried holly has been scarce this Christmas. The berries that the holly trees set were in fact unusually numerous. Probably they were extra well ripened, for the birds, instead of keeping them till the New Year was well in, stripped them in November and deprived the winter festival of its chief oriflamme. The hawthorns, usually stripped much earlier, are more numerous than the holly berries. Most of the trees are bare, but a strong minority are still a mass of coral. They will melt like snow when the frost closes the ground. The Norwegian fieldfares will steal them from our thrushes, their myriad army sweeping the land like a broom, and then, for a week at a time, the bird population will find itself on very short rations. It is strong in numbers now, and every bird seems a perfect specimen of its species. Chaffinch and greenfinch and the other indiscriminate victims of the Sparrow Club are plump and fat, as sometimes a cottage pie testifies. They have their Lenten time coming, and, quite apart from the danger of bird shot, the fight for spring will claim many victims.

Because winter brings out the pugnacious vigor of the bird's system, it also paints him in almost the full splendor of his plumage. A disturbance in the rickyard, where the finches are turning over the chaff, fills the air with birds, then covers the nearest tree with jewels instead of blossoms. The chaffinch in bright chestnut, with broad white wing-bars, is the very embodiment of cleanness and polished efficiency. The yellowhammer is in cap and stole of citron over leaf-red and warm brown. Many a townsman has thought him an escaped canary, and not without justification. The greenfinch has wing and tail feathers of pure gold, edged with black, and the rest of him is lively olive-green. These repeat themselves in multitudes on the knotted pear trees bare for the winter struggle, other beauties being more sparingly seen. Every day comes upon the same round a little tribe of four or five bullfinches, the leader of which daily adds to the splendor of his rosy breast. It grows in fluffiness till the long feathers almost cover the wings, whose blue-black tips point from them like thunderbolts from a sunset cloud. The tall, dry thistles that winter can only decorate with hoar-frost and cannot harm are still visited by gaudy goldfinches lest a seed or two may yet cling to the crowns. The band of tits that comes like the bullfinches on a very regular daily round may include, besides three or four species of its own genus, representatives of quite as many stranger species. We look for the nuthatch, red-and-blue like a kingfisher, for the delicately mottled and white-throated tree-creeper, for the lesser spotted woodpecker and one or two others. It is a great time, now that the leaves are off, to take a good look at all our birds, which are comparatively hard to find in summer.

Sociability is the order imposed upon animate creation by the rigors of winter. It is even observed in the passivity of sleep. Cold-blooded creatures like the viper and grass-snake go to bed many in a place, as though in order that when one wakes they all may wake. Bats literally hang together during their brief sleep of



less than a month, and the badger family that will disperse in spring, sleeps in one sett and probably in one heap. But to the fighting ones companionship is still more essential. The troop of tits has two hundred eyes for the discovery of the morsels on which it lives, and though it has also a hundred stomachs, it is fairly obvious that its co-operative hunting pays. It covers at considerable speed a great area of country, giving it all a good cursory glance that is sure to find any noticeable outcrop of food. A call by the finder brings the whole troop together, and whatever the individual intent may be, the effect is that all more or less share alike in the superior results that their co-operation gives. Even the crows, most individualistic and morose of birds, condescend to roost together and, in some measure, to work together when in presence of the enemy, Winter.

It is a very hard winter that makes our bird bands look miserable. The redwing from Norway mopes for a mere two-days' frost, the solitary stone-chat soon comes to wear an attitude of resignation, and the meadow-pipit, driven from its summer haunts to the cow-yard, becomes very tame and quiet by comparison with its spring exuberance. But the finches and tits in their bands seem perfectly cheerful, even when cold and scarcity press them most. Victims of the war are no doubt claimed daily, but the ranks close up and the fight that can only have one ending goes on. Glorious as they all are, it must be on the whole the least glorious that succumb; and here and everywhere, the pruning knife of winter is being wielded that the blossom of summer may be the more abundant.

## The Drama.

### SIGNS OF CHANGE.

"The War God." By Israel Zangwill. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. Published by Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Miracle." By Dr. Karl Vollmoller. Produced by Dr. Max Reinhardt at Olympia.

It is interesting to see a thousand hands pushing the modern theatre into the place which most of its present promoters and managers vow that it cannot and ought not to occupy. The theatre, say these gentlemen, must not become moral, political, religious. It shall remain what it is to-day—frivolous, unreal, amusing, above all, commercial. And everything possible is done to affix to it this perverted character. A great monetary interest, in possession of all the largest and costliest places of entertainment, virtually excludes the serious, critical drama. The actor-manager finds it unsuited to his predominance as the central figure in a costly, highly organised show, adapted to the coarse tastes and slender culture of the city crowd. The Press, accustomed to regard the theatre as half in the "literary" sphere of a newspaper and half in the manager's, has trained its critics to keep a neutralising eye on both these departments. The critics themselves remain a class apart—experts in trifles, in the mechanics and *personnel* of the stage, but indifferent to its relationship with realities. And yet all these forces of Philistia—all the cynicism, money-worship, conventional doctrine, and instinct of our time—cannot keep the theatre and life apart. The Censorship—the great official prop of the commercial theatre—was working fairly well, under the absurd and indefensible, but not openly scandalous, rule of Mr. Redford. Suddenly Mr. Redford disappears, and the outrageous figure of "Dear Old Charlie" takes his place, an omen of the downfall of the whole institution. The people themselves, in revolt from the poverty and staleness of the average managerial mind, organise their own dramatic vision of the nation's past, and we have the pageant. The pageant is crystallised and dramatised, and the Wordless Play, with German brains and thoroughness behind it, threatens the fast-passing reign of the Christmas pantomime, soon to be crushed by its own childishness and meaningless expense.

Equally vain is the attempt to separate the theatre from current politics. The Censor extinguishes a harm-

less political squib by Mr. Bernard Shaw, and obliterates Mr. Housman's picture of the married life of George IV. But he does not stay the hand of Sir Herbert Tree when our leading dramatic producer puts on the stage, not the counterfeit presentment of a bad and mad, but very much dead, English King, but a close study of the problems that Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Churchill will discuss at the next half-dozen Cabinets. I am, therefore, very glad to see Mr. Zangwill's powerful play, "The War God," published by Mr. Heinemann. For its production is by far the most important event of the dramatic season of 1911. Let me say exactly what I mean. The striking, the salient, character of "The War God" is not entirely due to the literary merits of the play. "The War God" is hardly a great performance in pure artistry. It is full of sound, straightforward, hard-hitting rhetoric. It has feeling and a keen sense of the clashing, accumulating, movement of good melodrama. And it shows true critical power in bringing together on the stage the typical figures, the governing personalities, of our time. But its special distinction is that it is pioneer work, that its author has pointed and selected the ground on which the battles of the future will be fought out, and has boldly summoned the theatre as his interpreter and ally.

And what an advance is this! How it confounds the mean and enervating spirit which has captured nine-tenths of the English stage, and even planted itself, by a gross and impudent usurpation, in the seat of authority! There is no disguise about Mr. Zangwill's parable. Gothia is Germany, its King is the or a Kaiser; Hunland is Austria; Alba, England; Holk, Moltke; Frithiof, Tolstoy; and Torgrim, Bismarck. The shades of Moltke and Bismarck are, indeed, pushed forward on to the stage of living men, so that the vitality of their spirit and teaching may be made the more vivid and actual. But the situation of the play is the tension of the hour between England and Germany; its movement concerns, not, indeed, an actual Bismarckian plot to prepare an English invasion under the mask of a Royal marriage, but the existing shock of three world-forces—Imperialism; revolting, anarchic Socialism; and the spirit of ideal rationalism which has found its greatest teacher and most profound social critic in Tolstoy. This is the theme. It is embroidered with references to all the assisting elements in the main tragedy—such as the rivalry of armaments and aeroplanes, the pressure of war taxes, and the interested schemes and combinations of the war-making industries. Even its verse is roughly hewn so as to fit the exigencies of so present-day a subject. Take, for example, Count Frithiof's expansion of his thesis that the "God of War is now a man of business," in the blank-verse catalogue of the deity's auxiliary services. The passage gives an excellent idea of Mr. Zangwill's uncompromising modernity of style, and also of his power to describe, picturesquely and suggestively, such intangible things as the many-sided appeal, the frippery and intricacy of war, as civilised States pursue and prepare for it:—

"So much sunk capital, such countless callings,  
The Army, Navy, Medicine, the Church,  
To bless and bury—Music, Engineering,  
Red-tape Departments, Commissariats,  
Stores, Transports, Ammunition, Coaling-stations,  
Fortifications, Cannon Foundries, Shipyards,  
Arsenals, Ranges, Drill-halls, Floating Docks,  
War-worn Promoters, Military Tailors,  
Camp-followers, Canteens, War Correspondents,  
Horse-breeders, Armourers, Torpedo-builders,  
Pipe-clay and Metal Vendors, Big Drum Makers,  
Gold Lace Embroiderers, Opticians, Buglers,  
Tent-makers, Banner-weavers, Powder-mixers,  
Crutches and Cork Limb Manufacturers,  
Balloonists, Mappists, Heliographers,  
Inventors, Flying Men, and Diving Demons,  
Beelzebub and all his hosts, who, whether  
In Water, Earth, or Air, among them pocket,  
When Trade is brisk, a million pounds a week."

But Mr. Zangwill has not merely set out a great living theme; he has adapted it to the natural uses of the theatre. "The War God" is more than an exercise in speech-making, designed to please sentimental pacifists. It is a dramatic presentation of the conflicting purposes and characters of two kinds of men, who, in

their turn, represent the elements of light and darkness—the Ormuzd and Ahriman—in our civilisation. Torggrim-Bismarck is the quite human, even lovable, monster who thinks himself the divinely appointed instrument, first, of his country's glory and the abasement of her enemies, and secondly, of an ideal social order resting on force. He "leaves all to Providence." Providence, and he, its agent, "giving it a little push," will use Frithiof, the non-resisting Christian, to destroy Borg, the anarchist, and Borg to destroy Frithiof. Thus the two enemies of the force-supported, divinely-chosen State will perish at each other's hands. Frithiof-Tolstoy will use his gospel of non-resistance, his appeal to the individual conscience, the brotherly soul in man, to annul the two apostolates of force, that of the State and of the armed insurrection. First, he saves the Chancellor and his King by diverting the people's rifles from their bosoms; then, when anarchy strikes him down by the arm of a fanatical woman, the blood of the martyr becomes the seed of the new Church of Humanity, for which the people desert the State, and leave the Man of Blood and Iron discredited and desolate. Thus the arm of the spirit breaks down the arm of flesh. Between these master-forces the unreal, childish pageant of courts and dynasties, diplomacy and ceremonial, plays its insignificant part, giving ironical relief to the deadly sword-play of the real combatants. The observant critical Jewish world, in the person of Blum, Torggrim's secretary, also intervenes, and the character of this man, his detached attitude to his master, and his conversion to the Frithian gospel, are, to my mind, the most subtle strokes in Mr. Zangwill's workmanship.

Is not this a fine conception? Is it not here and hereabouts that the struggle centres; and is it not an act of great prescience for an artist to seize upon the theatre as the place where the most persuasive representation of this world-drama can be secured? The moral effect of Mr. Zangwill's and Sir Herbert Tree's action can hardly be exaggerated. While we have been trying to pick the lock of the door which shuts out the English theatre from life, Mr. Zangwill has blown the whole structure into the air. Henceforth, the effort must be to fortify and extend the area that he has conquered; to strip dramatic art of the prostitute's robe she wears to-day, and fit her, refined and redeemed, for a higher service.

Herr Reinhardt's presentation of Dr. Vollmöller's mystery play, "The Miracle," and his adaptation of it to the vast spaces of Olympia, do not compare with "Sumurun" in sensuous beauty and quaintness, but they are a notable advance in the art of pantomimic stagecraft. The enterprise has its difficulties. There can be no stage at Olympia, only a vast oblong arena. Thus the artist loses the curtain as a medium for alternately veiling and disclosing the progress of his drama. His chief agent for these purposes is light; which he can exclude while re-arranging his sets, and turn on when the new effect has been prepared. I imagine that the action of "The Miracle" is that of a dream. A young Novice, during her night watch by the statue of the Virgin on the floor of the vast Cathedral, sees a vision of the world and of love, and of all the horrors that the world and love bring, especially that wild, cruel, child-like, and beautiful medieval world that Italian art has preserved for us. Such a design is well suited to the artifice of raised and lowered lights, of gaily colored crowds of knights and pilgrims and soldiers and populace, appearing and disappearing through the great West door of the church, that opens out on the pine forests of the fatherland. The dream-motif does not seem to be so well preserved in the version of "The Miracle" which Herr Reinhardt presents at Olympia as in the author's earlier intentions. But it is sufficiently apparent. And Herr Reinhardt's sense of color—he seems to cherish a passion for orange and rose tints—his really wonderful capacity for giving individual expression to the humblest actors—so that a crowd consisting of hundreds of people yields a picture of diverse emotion, of impulse, of sincerity, of wilfulness, such as I have never seen paralleled on the stage—his idea of *ensemble*; the skill

with which the music is coupled with the melodrama, or the melodrama with the music, mark a real epoch in the development of spectacular art in this country.

"The Miracle" has two great scenes. Both are enacted in the cathedral-space, in which artists and spectators are alike enclosed, and which the author chooses as the appropriate centre of the medieval world. In the first you witness the glory of the miraculous Virgin, dispensing cures and blessings to the throng of worshippers that surges in, the guardian nuns and ecclesiastics through the east door, the people through the west. The Mephistophelean lure of passion and curiosity, which is spread by a little skipping, piping, impish figure called "The Spielmann"—the most original conception in Dr. Vollmöller's fantasy—fills the long intermezzo. In its leisurely course, the seduced nun falls from one lover's embrace to another's, until, having run through the coarse revelry of courts and camps and city stews, and the quaint cruelty of the Inquisition, she comes back to the all-embracing motherhood of the Church and the Madonna. Her worldly career is painted with a sedateness of touch which hardly suggests reality, and the audience feels no surprise when she drifts back to the convent, and the sisterhood find her at dawn swooning at the glittering statue's feet. There is the less plausible by-play of the Madonna descending from her throne to take the erring sister's place in the convent, and re-ascending when the truant returns, and these actions are suggested by Madame Maria Carmi with the utmost beauty and refinement of gesture, face, and pose. It is not difficult for a musician like Herr Humperdinck and an *entrepreneur* like Herr Reinhardt, with occasional hints from Wagner, to supply an interesting musical and artistic commentary on this familiar strain of medieval romance. Neither accompaniment is quite satisfying. Movement, spectacle, mass, impression by color and changing panorama, and the sentimental religious appeal—the whole fortified by some real scholarship and the studious German imagination—these are the substantial ends and agencies of Herr Reinhardt's production. It is a surprising, a brilliant, feat of management. None of our native masters of stage pageant could touch it. But I could not associate it with the poetic drama. Poetry and Olympia have their separate abodes.

H. W. M.

## Letters from Abroad.

### HOW THE NEW REICHSTAG WILL LOOK.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Reichstag is dissolved, and the date of the General Election fixed on January 12th, 1912. The parties have issued their programmes and selected their candidates. The number of the latter much more than doubles the tale of members to be elected. There are, on the whole, 397 electoral divisions, all single-member constituencies, and in most of them three candidates at least are in the field.

There is, however, not quite the same tendency to the splitting of votes as has prevailed at many former elections. Nor have we, on the other hand, so strong a movement for segregation in two large camps as was the feature of the last General Election. The Buelow Block of 1907 is a thing of the past. This time we have a grouping of the parties, and this, again, tends to division into three large camps, viz. :—

1. The *Conservative Camp*, embracing the two Conservative Parties; the Catholic Centre Party; the Agriculturists; and small kindred groups.
2. The *Liberal Camp*, composed of National Liberals and the Radical Populists.
3. The *Democratic Camp*, consisting of the Social Democrats and the Democratic Radicals, of which Herr Rudolph Breitscheid is the best-known leader.

Besides these combinations, there are some small national groups, such as Poles, Alsations, Guelphs, Danes, and so on, forming together a force of twenty-five to thirty members.



In the now defunct Reichstag, the three great Camps were represented by the following voting force:—

	When the Reichstag met.	At the Dissolution.
Conservatives ...	216 members.	209 members.
Liberals ...	106 „	102 „
Democrats ...	43 „	53 „

Of those by-elections which resulted in a change of the voting power of these groups, most went in favor of the Democratic sections, or, rather, the Social Democrats. For the Democratic Radicals exist from a Parliamentary point of view only as a group *in partibus infidelium*. They had no member in the defunct Reichstag, and in the coming Reichstag will, at most, have three members. They are a force only in the electorate of certain towns or industrial districts. The Social Democrats won ten seats, and lost none; the Conservative sections had a net loss of seven; the Liberals a net loss of four seats; and one seat was won by the Guelphs.

This net result of the by-elections allows us to forecast with some confidence the result of the General Election of January next. It is a foregone conclusion that the Socialists will win about thirty or forty more seats, so that in the next Parliament the Democratic Camp will represent a force of ninety to one hundred, or even more. Most of the Democratic conquests will be at the cost of the Liberals. But in many divisions the Social Democrats will, at the second ballot, help the Liberals to wrest seats from the Conservatives, and thus, in the end, the latter may be the main losers. Hence the Reichstag of 1912 might show about the following balance of forces:—

Conservative groups ...	180 members.
Liberal groups ...	80 „
Democratic groups ...	100 „
Nationalists, &c. ...	30 „
Independents ...	7 „

This is a probable conjecture, but after all it is only conjecture. Variations in the one or the other direction are not out of the question. It is possible that the Conservatives and the Catholics may decide to let the Liberals alone in a number of divisions where Liberals and Social Democrats are at second ballot, and in divisions where Conservatives and Social Democrats have to ballot it out, the Liberals may act similarly, or vote straight for the Social Democrats. The tension between the Liberals and the Conservatives in some parts of the Empire is very severe. But there are also influential agents at work to bring the hostile forces together, and to remind them that they have common interests against the Social Democrat, the "deadlier enemy." They find willing hearers, particularly in the ranks of the National Liberals. One of the latter has recently coined the watchword: "THE FOE STANDS ON THE LEFT, THE OPPONENT ON THE RIGHT." The meaning of this is clear—Compromise with the Conservatives against the Social Democrats. To this tactic other sections of the party take exception, and some papers of the Radical Populist Party are fighting it tooth and nail. But how far their opposition reflects the feeling of the Liberal electorate, or will be endorsed by them, can only be ascertained at the election itself.

On the whole, there is, as far as the middle-class parties are concerned, more a quarrel of interests than a war of fundamental principles. Read the speeches of Herr Privy Councillor Riesser, the Chairman of the Hansa League, against the Conservatives, and particularly the League of the Agriculturists. They are full of vigorous denunciation; they contain crushing criticism and spicy epithets enough. But beyond all this there is very little fixed opposition. More is said against the overbearing demeanor of the Conservatives and the foolish utterances of their *enfants terribles*, than against the fundamental principles of their policy. The fight against the Catholic Centre is conducted in the same way in most of the Liberal papers.

Altogether, the level of political controversy is very low. Rudeness does duty for vigor of argument and pharisaic abuse for satire. Compared with the whilom

aloofness of German thought, it is the spirit of realism which now prevails. There is plenty of fighting for seats, very little warfare for principles. In fact, in what is or was, in the main, the quarrel between the National Liberals and the Blue-black Block—the question of reform of Imperial finance—principles of taxation are not in controversy; but the question is what particular blend of indirect and direct taxes is most convenient. And what is the difference between the Conservatives and the Liberals in regard to the great questions of the foreign policy of the Empire? Not principles, but the precise mixture of obsolete and modern lines of conduct.

Only quite recently I had a conversation with one of the most learned and sharp-witted scientific representatives of the German Liberal-Conservatives. He referred to the coming Reichstag, and your correspondent expressed the opinion that it might not live long. "Why not?" he replied. "Because of your 100 or so comrades? You will have 300 members of the middle classes against you, and the Liberals and the Catholics are so eager to do all the Government really wants, that from our point of view it will be an excellent Reichstag."

In this argument one very important point is lost sight of—the influence of electoral power upon social and political tendencies outside Parliament. The crying inequality of the electoral divisions of the Empire will, as long as it lasts, prevent Social Democracy from wielding a voting power in the decisions of the Reichstag corresponding to the voting power of the Labor party in the country. But the knowledge that behind the eighty or one hundred Social Democrats stand a growing determination and activity and, in increasing numbers, the mass of the population of all the big towns and industrial centres counts for a great deal when large issues are to be decided. Apart from this, *i.e.*, as far as the regular play of Parliamentary forces is concerned, my learned friend was absolutely right. All the noisy accusations which fill the papers and resound in the meetings during the election time will bear very little upon the policy of the new Reichstag. With some modifications of minor importance the Imperial Government will carry almost every measure it may desire.

This applies with special force to questions of foreign policy and of armaments, and other measures connected therewith. In this respect almost all the difference between the political parties of the Empire, Social Democracy excepted, has disappeared. We have no party in Germany, outside the party of the working classes, which upholds with any vigor the principles of a consistent international peace policy. All the other parties are infected to the very bones with the contagion of the *policy of power* (*Machtpolitik*) and its diplomatic principles. It is a matter of controversy which of the different Governments concerned in the Morocco *imbroglio* was most responsible for the grave situation created in the summer months of this year. But there is no dissension possible on the fact that serious and reprehensible mistakes have been committed on all sides. Well, in such a situation the first duty of a progressive Liberal Party would certainly be to look the diplomacy of its own country in the face. What would become of the international relations of modern countries if democratic parties forgot their own share of responsibility for the doings of their Governments, or that the principles of democratic diplomacy must needs be different from those of capitalistic diplomacy? With the greatest regret your correspondent has to confess that, as far as the Germany of the upper and the lower middle classes is concerned, there is at present no party and no politician of standing who could be described as a guardian of the vital interests of the trade and commerce of his country and of the well-being of humanity at large.

In vain would you scan the ranks of middle-class politicians in modern Germany for a John Bright or for a Gladstone amongst their leaders. In the debates on the Morocco question and Anglo-German relations there was only one Liberal whose accents echoed the finer traditions of Liberal foreign policy. This was Herr



Karl Schrader, member for Anhalt-Dessau. But he is an old man and does not seek re-election. I do not want to suggest that the German Radicals have all become Jingoos and thirst for a war, a "reckoning," with Great Britain. But they have lost all power of resistance to the agitation of the Jingo section of the National Liberals, the Centre, and the Conservatives. They raise hesitating, half-hearted objections. But they have no Liberal foreign policy. It was pitiful to read the speeches and the articles of the Liberal and Radical Parties on the great question of the hour in international politics, the relief of the Anglo-German tension. Nowhere a great governing idea, nowhere a powerful plea for reason in the discussion of national differences. It is, of course, impossible to avoid opportunism in policy. But what disheartens you with the German Liberals is that they are opportunists in their ways of thinking and arguing. You can hardly find a consistent Free Trader amongst them. How can you expect to find a consistent peace politician?

All this is most unfortunate, but it must be looked in the face if the two nations are to avoid worse disillusion. The present situation will not last for ever. New problems will in time arise and teach people reason. But at the present juncture very little can be done with our middle classes. They are in a state of intoxication. Visits and offers from English friends of peace are now of little avail. The cure must come from inside.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin.

## Letters to the Editor.

### PRINCIPAL FORSYTH ON EUCKEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Since Dr. Forsyth complains of the translation of Eucken's "Truth of Religion" as failing to do justice to the style of the original, may I be allowed to suggest that he himself fails somewhat conspicuously to convey any intelligible idea of the work he is reviewing? I have read and re-read his two columns and a half, and find myself wondering—not for the first time in perusing his deliverances—what Dr. Forsyth is really getting at, and whether it is impossible for him to express his opinions, except in this bewildering jargon. I am bound to say that this assumption—viz., that the truths of philosophy cannot be set forth in language of which the average educated reader can make sense—strikes one as part of what was the other day described in your columns as "the cult of superiority"—a singularly thin cult—of which one is more than a little weary.

So much for the manner of Dr. Forsyth's review. Now, will you permit me to say a word or two about its matter. "Mere historicism," says the Principal of Hackney College, "works out, as in Drews, to sheer scepticism." That is an amazing statement, backed up by an amazing reference. It means—if it means anything—that if you apply the historical method rigorously enough, you arrive in due course at nothing at all; and for proof of this contention we are pointed to so thoroughly unsound and unscholarly a production as Drews's "Christ Myth." But, sir, anybody could have told Dr. Forsyth that Drews arrives at his sceptical conclusions, not by applying any legitimate historical method, but by the wildest guesses and the most reckless assertions, and that he does so, moreover, in obedience to preconceived notions, to which the facts have to accommodate themselves. This depreciation of the historical method as "mere historicism" throws an interesting light on the workings of his mind; when the orthodox Principal of Hackney College seeks to discredit that method by pointing to its alleged results in such a book as "The Christ Myth," one cannot help feeling that orthodoxy is very nervous in contemplating the actual results which follow from free and objective historical inquiry.

Then Dr. Forsyth apparently finds fault with Eucken, because, "like most philosophers, he lays stress rather on the element of intuition than on that of revelation"—because, in Eucken's view, "we search God rather than He searches us; we know rather than are known." But, with all respect, what does Dr. Forsyth or anyone else know about God's method of "searching" us? What does God's "search" of us mean? And must not even revelation, in order to become operative, verify itself to our intuitions?

Dr. Forsyth complains that "the weakness of our intuition is its variability," and sighs for something that will "lift and deliver us from our subjectivity." That is to say, what Dr. Forsyth wants is an external, objective standard of truth; and, as many of his readers think, he has reached—or thinks he has reached—the goal of his quest by objectifying his own subjectivity. In other words, man is still the measure of all things; but that man is Dr. Forsyth.—Yours, &c.,

J. WARSCHAUER.

Horton Manse, Bradford.  
December 26th, 1911.

### THE WOMAN AS VOTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, E. L. C. Watson, has read my letter amiss. There is not a line in it which would indicate that I am opposed to the principle of womanhood suffrage; and my prognostications as to the future of democracy are the very reverse of gloomy. In spite of many indications to the contrary, I am obstinately convinced both that women will one day develop a sound political sense, and that a more direct representation of the masses will be to the great advantage of the country. But the processes of evolution cannot be helped forward by violent or ill-judged methods.

Miss Watson's facts, like her gibe at the "flower of Suburbia," have about them the undeniable flavor of, say, the day before yesterday. The Liberal Party in Australia did not commit *hari-kari* with the cheery unselfishness she would have us believe; and labor did not become the highly organised body it is without the strongest opposition from powerful and prejudiced enemies. Then, in comparing the relative conditions in the two countries, she speaks, correctly enough, of the strong element of conservatism found here among the masses, but fails utterly to realise that each trial of strength between master and man is making that force daily less, and that very soon it will have ceased to exist. Again, in making her statement that the line of cleavage in the trades union class is drawn at a much higher level in Australia, Miss Watson cannot have expended much time in studying the passage of the Insurance Bill. When doctors chaffer as a composite body for a higher price for their wares, they fall into line *ipso facto* with all other trades unions—and in doing so merely subscribe to the spirit of the times. Finally, when Miss Watson "adumbrates" the existence of a leisured class as a reason for the continued quiescence of the masses in this country, criticism becomes inarticulate by reason of its mirth.—Yours, &c.,

NORMAN MCKEOWN.

December 26th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Surely Mr. Norman McKeown begs the question in his letter on woman suffrage. If it is right to give the vote to the entire laboring class, there can obviously be no danger in extending the franchise to their women-folk, when these latter will vote exactly as their husbands or fathers command them.—Yours, &c.,

R. DOUGLAS GRAHAM.

30, Whitwell Road, Southsea.

### THE TACTICS OF THE W.S.P.U.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a letter under the heading "The Tactics of the W.S.P.U." last week, Mrs. Swanwick says that she hopes and believes that by now I must be regretting my letter that you published on Decem-

ber 9th. The reverse is the case. I look back with greater satisfaction on nothing I have written.

Mrs. Swanwick says I once wrote that the best course in the interests of the enfranchisement of women would be to do the best we could with the Government offer. She adds that the National Union did not wait for my advice. Nothing could have been further from my thoughts than advising the National Union, and, if their policy is right, it is a good thing they did not wait. Before the letter in *THE NATION*, which Mrs. Swanwick attacks, I had written only twice upon the subject. First, I wrote to the "*Manchester Guardian*" (November 13th), pointing out the Government's insolence in proposing manhood suffrage as an answer to the women's agitation, and supporting the demand of the Women's Social and Political Union that the women's enfranchisement clause should be included in the Government Bill, a course which the Editor of the "*Guardian*" had himself recommended as the most courageous and wise. I made two other suggestions about preserving the Conciliation Bill as a goad to Liberals, and about improving the Government proposal by a promise from Mr. Lloyd George at the lowest to move the amendment, and secure Government support for it. Possibly Mrs. Swanwick calls that making the best of the Government offer.

On November 24th I wrote again to the "*Manchester Guardian*" in support of the central demand of that paper and the W.S.P.U. that the clause giving equal suffrage should form part of the Bill. I also pointed out that my chief difference with the W.S.P.U. concerned the question of adult suffrage, for which I was afraid the country was not ready, though I myself thought it an inestimable blessing compared with the unendurable tyranny of manhood suffrage. Here, I think, no one could find any mention of making the best of the Government offer.

Further on in her letter, Mrs. Swanwick says: "It is really stupid of Mr. Nevinson not to recognise sincerity when he finds it in constitutional suffragists." Certainly, it would be really stupid; but I have never denied the sincerity of constitutional suffragists.

Mrs. Swanwick further complains that "people obsess us with the W.S.P.U." I do not wish to increase the obsession, but I would remind her of one thing: the W.S.P.U. have a rule or custom never to speak evil of any other suffrage society. If Mrs. Swanwick and her friends had only observed the same rule, I think it might have saved their "*Common Cause*" from a cartoon which, during a long political experience, I have only once seen surpassed for ill-feeling and bad taste.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

4, Downside Crescent, Hampstead.  
December 20th, 1911.

### "THE UNCHANGING PUBLIC SCHOOL."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Two correspondents in your last issue have pointed out that the reviewer of "*Public Schools at a Glance*" overlooked some of the evidence that lay before him in arriving at his conclusion that the Public School is "unchanging." Even had he used all the data there given, they would hardly have been sufficient, and that for two reasons. "*Public Schools at a Glance*" confines itself, in this first issue, to those schools whose fees are not less than £80 per annum. And, secondly, it of set purpose presents only the outstanding features in each case. This, without further evidence, may lead to erroneous conclusions.

For instance, though a school mentioned (*honoris causa*) by your reviewer as "making a speciality of gardening" might otherwise appear to conform to the general type of Public School, closer examination would, I fear, bring further heresies to light. Not only gardening is taught throughout, just as much as Nature-study or some developed branch of science; carpentering is, too (witness the cricket pavilion which the boys have built), and drawing; also, with very few exceptions, instrumental music, extra as it is. Precedence is given to geometry over algebra in the *curriculum studiorum*. French and German (both part of the regular course for all) are treated as living tongues; likewise Latin and Greek, though in a different sense, as the twin keys to a civilisation that is anything but dead. "English" without English Literature is reckoned hollow and worthless. A

rough division into "sides" only means that a boy from the age of about fifteen and a-half can give, according to his needs, special—but not exclusive—attention to Classics, History, Mathematics, or Science. "Religious knowledge" is not a thing apart, outside the general scheme of things, but is linked on the one hand with history, and on the other with the culmination of each week's experience, Sunday service in the school chapel. The existence of monitors and fags may suggest a social organisation not differing from the ordinary; but the monitors (advisedly so called) are chosen apart from any considerations of intellectual rank; moreover, they merely head a list of "officers," which includes, besides the fags, every boy on the roll, each of whom has his allotted duties to fulfil.

Such particulars as these should be procurable from the "*Public Schools Year Book*"; but an inquirer who should turn to this for information might well be pardoned for inferring, entirely without qualification, that the Public School is indeed unchanging. Why? Because no school (except certain elect Preparatory Schools) is permitted even to advertise in the "*Year Book*" unless it "(1) is controlled in the public interest by a governing body created by some statute, scheme, or other trust deed; (2) contains 100 boys; (3) counts among the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge at least ten who have proceeded to those Universities direct from the school; (4) sends up to Oxford or Cambridge an average of five or six boys a year."

The school I have referred to comes perilously near to inclusion even on these terms. It has not yet its hundred boys, it is true; but it has a Trust Deed and Governing Body; and last October it sent up three boys to Oxford, two of them with open scholarships of the first rank (in spite of the gardening!)—a proportion of over eight per cent. to the total numbers of the school—and has also sent on to Oxford or Cambridge nearly twenty per cent. of those who have "finished" at the school since its opening a dozen years ago.

On the fairness of such exclusion comment is needless. Whether it might not be to the advantage of others besides the statistician to include "new" schools in the "*Public Schools Year Book*"—the outward and visible sign of the admission of their representatives to the Headmasters' Conference—I leave it to your readers to decide.—Yours, &c.,

H. LANG JONES.

Willaston School, Nantwich,  
December 26th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Rip Van Winkle who wrote an article under the above heading in your issue of December 16th will surely rub his eyes when he renews his acquaintance with the world as it is to-day. Since he fell asleep—presumably about a quarter of a century ago—many things have changed at the public schools, and in nearly all of them the curriculum has been revolutionised. Here, for example, at one of the old endowed schools which yearly wins a number of classical scholarships at the Universities, out of 570 boys, only 210 are actually learning Greek; the rest are pursuing precisely those studies which Rip Van Winkle imagines to be "closed to them in effect." It is true that if they go to Oxford or Cambridge—as many of them will—these boys will have to pass an examination in Greek; but they will not "spend years in this uncongenial toil"; they will cram the necessary minimum in a couple of months, as any fairly intelligent boy can do.

Of course, the examination is a vexatious and useless formality under which the public schools are groaning; but it is imposed on us by a number of weird though worthy gentlemen who control Convocation, and who, like the writer of your article, are fonder of dogmatising on education than of studying facts.—Yours, &c.,

PUBLIC SCHOOLMASTER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Many like myself will have read with sympathetic interest the article which appeared in your issue of December 16th, under the title of "*The Unchanging Public School*." I fancy that there are not a few who privately would express themselves in agreement with the writer of the article in



question; but who, when challenged to speak in their professional capacity as conventional teachers of the young, dare not refuse homage to the shibboleths which are the watchwords of our stationary and non-progressive Education-alists.

My purpose, however, in venturing to ask the favor of a small space in your correspondence columns is to say that the writer, in his criticism of the work, "Public Schools at a Glance," has made one omission. When he states that the school "Bedale's," with its daring innovation of method and curriculum, "stands boldly alone," he has overlooked the school, "Abbotsholme," which appears first in the work of reference issued by "The Knowledge Organisation Bureau." This is doubtless an oversight, but yet one which, in the interests of the cause of Education Reform, calls for correction. "Abbotsholme" School, in its founding, dates back to before the existence of the one which is described as standing "boldly alone." "Abbotsholme" owes its origin to the educational genius and wise foresight of one Cecil Reddie, B.Sc., Ph.D., who, for the last twenty-two years, has endeavored to combine in school method and curriculum all that is best according to educational standards and ideals accepted in Great Britain, Germany, and America. Briefly, the chief aims of this school are to give its *alumni* in their early years a thorough, all-round education, to avoid specialisation until the age of sixteen or seventeen; to claim a larger part of their attention for modern languages; to co-ordinate, as far as possible, the various factors of a liberal and a mind-awakening education; to develop and harmonise the mental, moral, and physical instincts and capabilities of the pupil. These ideals have been brought to the point of practical realisation. "Abbotsholme" School, as a pioneer of the educational progressive movement, is perhaps better known on the Continent of Europe and in the United States than in this, our somewhat conventional and tradition-bound country. Yet one would think there must be not a few among England's real educationalists, who to-day will welcome and will watch such a school in its successful application of those scientific and practical principles for which it stands.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. CHAPLIN.

Hill Vicarage, Falfield, Glos.

#### "THE VILLAGE LABORER."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Vicar of Gedney asks, "Will everybody read this book? Will quite everybody read it?" Well, hardly. The price is 9s. net; which means that even those of us to whom, for one purpose or another, the book is practically indispensable, are driven to borrow it or to squeeze the money at somebody's expense. If Longmans and the author would arrange a half-crown edition there would be not only rejoicing in Gedney Marsh, but groups of workers studying it in every part of the country; to the confusion of all the forces of reaction.—Yours, &c.,

S. K. R.

Hendon, N.W.

#### THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Some sections of the Admiralty are of necessity in very close touch with the armor-plate interests. Hence, perhaps, the pertinacity of the Press campaign. During the last three years the Navy Estimates have gone up at the rate of about four millions a year, and now it is suggested that (in spite of Mr. McKenna's previous promises) Mr. Churchill will only make a temporary reduction. This being so, it behoves every independent Liberal to do everything in his power to prevent the Government from running us into the Bankruptcy Court. Let each Chairman of a Liberal Association, from Dundee to Camberwell, do his duty and do it promptly. Meetings should be summoned. The Liberal Press and the opinion of the rank and file are powerful agencies. But let us remember that the armor-plate interests have been busily inspiring all these foreign troubles, and that they will soon be again squeezing the

Ministers. All the more reason, therefore, for the interests of the tax-payers and social reform to assert themselves successfully during the next few weeks.—Yours, &c.,

PUBLIC ECONOMY.

December 29th, 1911.

#### "FAT AND SCANT OF BREATH."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR—Has not the time come for editors to correct the well-known passage in "Hamlet"

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows,  
The Queen carouses to thy fortune.

V. ii., 274.

which has been made the basis for much fallacious argument in regard to the supposed personal appearance of the Prince; one favorite conjecture being that Shakespeare inserted the epithet "fat" so as to suit the corpulent figure of Burbage, who first played the part? But, as has been pointed out, the word stands directly opposed to Ophelia's description of her lover as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and "that unmatched form and feature of blown youth," in Act III., sc. i. Some have favored "faint and scant of breath"; but, in reality, this is tautological. By far the best reading, and one that seems deserving of general adoption, is that of Plehwe, who, with the true critical instinct, proposed "hot" instead of "fat," in view of the dialogue between the King and Laertes over the stratagem that was to be practised:—

"When in your motions you are hot and dry,—  
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him  
A chalice for the nounce."

This surely settles the question of the non-obesity of Hamlet, for the Queen's remark in the accepted version sounds flat and incongruous. Hudson is the only editor who, so far, has followed Plehwe's suggestion.—Yours, &c.,

N. W. HILL.

New York, December 18th, 1911.

#### THE LAST OF THE HOLMES CIRCULAR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Some months ago, as I passed two elementary schoolmasters in the village street, I heard Mr. Holmes's name. I turned back to say, "You both know me well enough to speak your mind, what did you think of the circular?" "We think he did not put it half strong enough," said the more ready, and the other echoed his opinion.

I believe that this is a fair sample of the opinion of the profession in general, excepting, of course, that portion of the National Union of Teachers which has made itself prominent in the recent agitation. Everyone allows that the circular was not meant for publication. It was not guarded or limited in its wording, but said its say in rather figurative language, as a man talks to his intimates, who will know how to discount his vehemence. Most people who knew something about education knew the truth that it was meant to convey. Those who had been through the mill themselves said much the same as my two friends.

The gifts and temperament that go to make a good inspector occur but rarely in any part of the teaching profession. Take any public schoolmaster and ask him how many of his colleagues would make good inspectors? In a long experience in that calling, I could have picked out only two or three. So with the elementary school-teachers. If you ask them whose inspection they dread, whose reports have seemed to them—and to their managers—somewhat unsympathetic, or even unfair, in nineteen cases out of twenty they will, I believe, answer the sub-inspectors'. The view of these men is almost of necessity narrower; their ideals of teaching more stereotyped than those of their more fortunate colleagues—more fortunate in that they were able to get a more prolonged and more varied education.

But the inspectorate is not the only line of promotion for the capable and cultivated elementary school-teacher. There is another line which he, or she, is much more fitted to pursue, a line of which I have seen no mention

made. I mean that of promotion to posts in the secondary schools, which are multiplying so rapidly in all the counties.

In the secondary day schools, with their 160,000 scholars, there must be about 8,000 teachers. At least as many more must be employed in the technical schools and evening classes, whose pupils number nearly five times as many as those of the secondary day schools. I know of no figures to tell us how many of the teachers in this great crowd served their apprenticeship in the elementary schools; but, unless my experience of some six or eight such schools is very exceptional, the number of elementary teachers who have chosen this line of promotion must be very great—incomparably greater than any recruiting possible for the inspectorate. Here is "une carrière ouverte au talent" natural to them, and it is very largely and freely open.

But now that anyone who cares about education has read Mr. Holmes's book (*What Is and What Might Be*), and knows his gentle tenderness towards the elementary teachers, his appreciation of their difficulties, and his admiration of their efforts, is it not time to recognise that Mr. Holmes's influence has helped to bring light and inspiration into the profession? Is it not time that we should hear the last of the Holmes Circular, and that you, sir, should forbear to use the name of the Holmes Circular as a stone to fling at a newly-appointed official of a Government department?—Yours, &c.,

ONLOOKER.

December 20th, 1911.

#### BORODINO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—I have to thank you for your review of my "Joachim Murat." Its kindly indications of omissions and corrections on minor points will be helpful if ever the book reaches a second edition, and the praise of a critic who shows such thorough knowledge of the time is particularly welcome. On one point your contributor has misunderstood me. He expresses surprise at my having spoken of Borodino as Napoleon's "last victory," and reminds me of battles won in 1813, 1814, and 1815. I did not forget these, and what I said was, "It was the last victory in Napoleon's unbroken career of conquest." Later victories there were, but they belong to the period of decline ending in disaster.—Yours, &c.,

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

London, December 26th, 1911.

#### THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have been expecting to see a movement started to cancel the sentence of several months' imprisonment passed on two men at Leeds under these "ridiculously obsolete" laws. It offends one's sense of justice to think of these men in prison for what, according to the newspaper reports, was mere tactlessness and extravagance of language. Could not you, sir, or Mr. Copeland Bowie, set on foot a memorial to the Home Secretary to revise the sentences? These men may surely look to those who believe in religious freedom to save them from martyrdom. If we think the punishment is undeserved, "the Almighty must be more deeply offended" by callous acquiescence on our part even than by the neglect of "the principles of religious freedom and progress by the so-called religious press."

I will gladly help in any way I can. Promptitude is essential.—Yours, &c.,

SOPHIA M. PILCHER.

December 25th, 1911.

#### SCIENCE AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article on "The Conservatism of Science" there is a view on the relations between Science and Religion on which I venture to offer a brief criticism. You regard Science as "in the essentials of its method materialistic, whereas any doctrine of social progress . . . is in essence religious." This sets Science and Religion in antagonism, and warns off the man of science from the field of social reform. But if by religion we mean moral idealism,

which I infer to be what you intend, Science becomes the chief agent in social regeneration.

It is too often assumed that there is a causal nexus between speculative and ethical materialism. Science may be materialistic in the extreme, and yet may be consistent with the highest ideals. A man may hold that his mind is composed of, say, a certain kind of grey matter; but such a belief may not affect the purity of his character or the loftiness of his aspirations. He may be an ethical idealist of the most exalted type. The "faith of the social reformer" may be as much the possession of the most pronounced materialist as of the most ethereal saint, and in the mind of the former is likely to be more effective.

Science, in its broad sense as methodised knowledge—the knowledge of both mind and matter—is necessary to the highest conceptions of Religion, for it purifies it from the contaminations of ancient error, and it confers upon man the power of converting the dreams of idealists into the facts of a new and nobler social order.—Yours, &c.,

C. CALLAWAY.

Cheltenham, December 26th, 1911.

#### "THE METHODS OF RACE REGENERATION."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—While agreeing with your reviewer of "The Methods of Race Regeneration," in a recent issue, that "the concentration of the mind at an early age on questions relating to sex is an obvious evil," I should like to suggest that this "concentration" is even more likely to occur from the present air of mystery with which such questions are shrouded, than from any amount of direct instruction, however "perseveringly religious" in character.

The "mystery" of sex cannot be ignored; but if, as "most sane people" now hold, it can be openly faced and explained, then it ceases to be a mystery. Then those growing energies of boys and girls, which are now often devoted to further ill-informed conversations or solitary broodings on sex, might be set free for those creative endeavors in Art or Science, which are the ultimate justifications of sex-life, or of any life at all.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. HUBBARD.

8, The Beeches, West Didsbury, Manchester.

#### Poetry.

##### PERSIA—MORITURA.

HOME of the free! Protector of the weak!

Shall we and this great grey ally make sand  
Of all a nation's budding green, and wreak

Our winter will on that unhappy land?

Is all our steel of soul dissolved and flown?

Have fumes of fear encased our heart of flame?

Are we with panic so deep-rotted down

In self, that we can feel no longer shame

To league, and steal a nation's hope of youth?

Oh! Sirs! Is our star merely cynical?

Is God reduced? That we must darken truth,

And break our honor with this creeping fall?

Is freedom but a word—a flaring boast?

Is self-concern horizon's utter sum?

If so—to-day let England die, and ghost

Through all her godless history to come!

If, Sirs, the faith of men be force alone,

Let us ring down—the farce is nothing worth!

If life be only prayer to things of stone—

Come death! And let us, friends, go mocking forth!

But if there's aught, in all Time's bloody hours,

Of justice, if the herbs of pity grow—

O native land, let not those only flowers

Of God be desert-strewn and withered now!

JOHN GALSWORTHY.



## The World of Books.

### THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

INSTEAD of our usual weekly selection of new books, we print this week a list of the more notable English books published during the past year. The guiding principle has been to include only books that are of some permanent value as contributions to the subjects with which they deal. Translations are excluded:—

#### BIOGRAPHY.

- "The Life of Ruskin." By E. T. Cook. (Allen. 2 vols. 21s. net.)  
 "The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire." By Bernard Holland. (Longmans. 2 vols. 32s. net.)  
 "The Life of George Joachim Goschen, First Viscount Goschen." By the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot. (Longmans. 2 vols. 25s. net.)  
 "The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon." By Sir Henry Craik. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Autobiographic Memoirs." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.)  
 "Reminiscences." By Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)  
 "The Record of an Adventurous Life." By H. M. Hyndman. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)  
 "Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier." Edited by His Daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss. (Arnold. 2 vols. 32s. net.)  
 "Martin Luther: The Man and His Work." By A. C. McGiffert. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

#### CRITICISM.

- "The Women of Shakespeare." By Frank Harris. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Lectures on Poetry." By J. W. Mackail. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Origin of Tragedy." By W. Ridgeway. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Vol. VII. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)  
 "The French Ideal." By Madame Duclaux. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "On the Art of the Theatre." By Edward Gordon Craig. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

#### ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

- "Unemployment: A Social Study." By B. Seebohm Rowntree and Bruno Lasker. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)  
 "Seems So! A Working-class View of Politics." By Stephen Reynolds and Bob and Tom Woolley. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)  
 "Woman and Labor." By Olive Schreiner. (Unwin 8s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Criminal and the Community." By James Devon. (Lane. 6s. net.)  
 "Love and Marriage." By Ellen Key. (Putnam. 6s. net.)  
 "Principles of Economics." By F. W. Taussig. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 17s. net.)  
 "Liberalism." By L. T. Hobhouse. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)  
 "The Science of Wealth." By J. A. Hobson. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)  
 "The Prevention of Destitution." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 9s. net.)

#### FICTION.

- "The New Machiavelli." By H. G. Wells. (Lane. 6s.)  
 "Margaret Harding." By Perceval Gibbon. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "The Patrician." By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s.)  
 "Under Western Eyes." By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "The Outcry." By Henry James. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "Hilda Lessways." By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "Ethan Frome." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

#### HISTORY.

- "The Cambridge Medieval History." Planned by J. B. Bury. Edited by H. M. Gwatkin and J. P. Whitney. Vol. I.—"The Christian Roman Empire and the Foundation of the Teutonic Kingdoms." (Cambridge University Press. 20s. net.)  
 "The Village Laborer, 1760-1832: A Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill." By J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. (Longmans. 9s. net.)  
 "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy." By G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Life and Times of Cavour." By William Roscoe Thayer. (Constable. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

- "William Pitt and the National Revival." By J. Holland Rose. (Bell. 16s. net.)  
 "William Pitt and the Great War." By J. Holland Rose. (Bell. 16s. net.)  
 "A History of the Peninsular War." Vol. IV. By C. Oman. (Clarendon Press. 14s. net.)  
 "Lollardy and the Reformation in England." Vol. III. By James Gairdner. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Greek Commonwealth: Politics and Economics in Fifth-Century Athens." By Alfred Zimmern. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Republican Tradition in Europe." By H. A. L. Fisher. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "England Under the Hanoverians." By C. Grant Robertson. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Hanoverian Queens of England." Vol. II. By Alice D. Greenwood. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest." By J. E. Lloyd. (Longmans. 2 vols. 21s. net.)  
 "Ireland and the Normans (1169-1216)." By G. H. Orpen. (Clarendon Press. 2 vols. 21s. net.)  
 "England Before the Norman Conquest." By C. Oman. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Thucydides and the History of His Age." By G. B. Grundy. (Murray. 16s. net.)  
 "The Roman Era in Britain." By John Ward. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "In Northern Mists: Arctic Exploration in Early Times." By Fridtjof Nansen. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

#### POETRY AND DRAMA.

- "The Everlasting Mercy." By John Masefield. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Ballad of the White Horse." By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen. 5s.)  
 "Emblems of Love." By Lascelles Abercrombie. (Lane. 5s. net.)  
 "Songs of Joy and Other Poems." By W. H. Davies. (Fifield. 1s. net.)  
 "The Inn of Dreams." By Olive Constance (Lady Alfred Douglas). (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Collected Poems of Herbert Trench." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)  
 "A Sicilian Idyll" and "Judith." By T. Sturge Moore. (Duckworth. 2s. net.)  
 "The Doctor's Dilemma, Getting Married, and The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet." By Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 6s.)  
 "The War God." By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

#### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- "Mysticism: A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness." By Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen. 15s. net.)  
 "The Realm of Ends; or, Pluralism and Theism." Gifford Lectures. By James Ward. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Some Problems of Philosophy." By William James. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)  
 "Body and Mind: A History and a Defence of Animism." By W. McDougall. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Roman Stoicism." By E. V. Arnold. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Religious Experience of the Roman People from the Earliest Times to the Age of Augustus." By W. Warde Fowler. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)  
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 "The Religious Experience of Saint Paul." By Percy Gardner. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)  
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 "The Church and the Divine Order." By Professor John Oman. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)  
 "Miracles in the New Testament." By the Rev. J. M. Thompson. (Arnold. 3s. 6d. net.)

#### TRAVEL.

- "Turkey and Its People." By Sir Edwin Pears. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Nigeria, Its Peoples and Its Problems." By E. D. Morel. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Voyage of the 'Why Not?' in the Antarctic." By Dr. Jean Charcot. (Hodder & Stoughton. 20s. net.)

## Reviews.

### THE GENIUS OF CAVOUR.

"The Life and Times of Cavour." By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. (Constable. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

It is an appropriate coincidence that the Italian Jubilee Year should be marked by the conclusion of Mr. George Trevelyan's great history of Garibaldi's adventures and achievements, and by the appearance of this ample and interesting biography of Cavour. Mr. Thayer's two volumes are the result of immense labor applied to an abundance of material, and all those who have been following Garibaldi's footsteps during the last few years will turn greedily to these pages for fuller knowledge of the statesman who shares with the soldier the chief glories of the Risorgimento. Mr. Thayer's enthusiasm for his subject has not been daunted by any obstacle or fatigue; indeed, some will think that he has erred on the side of excess, and that in his anxiety to make his picture of Cavour as full and lifelike as possible he has treated the events and movements of his time with unnecessary detail. But the question of the extent to which it is necessary to discuss the circumstances of a career in order to explain it is one upon which no two writers will agree; and for our part we are not prepared to admit that Cavour's place in history could be defined so clearly by a historian who dealt more summarily with his contemporaries and the events of his day. Mr. Thayer's full discussion of the times of Cavour does not seem to us to weaken the interest of his story; rather the reverse.

There are, on the other hand, two respects in which we should be inclined to criticise these volumes. Mr. Thayer's pages are always readable, and some of his phrases and sentences are singularly happy and illuminating; but there is much in his style and language that is irritating to English ears. The other fault of the book is a fault of temper. Mr. Thayer is too fond of scolding everyone who disagreed with Cavour, and of scolding them in a way that is not too dignified. It is quite easy to make Cavour's supreme genius as a statesman clear and distinct without continually blaming his contemporaries for lacking the brains to appreciate or follow him. After all, Cavour's would not be the superlative achievement that it is recognised to be if the issues of his day had been so clear and simple that it was inexcusable to misunderstand them. This want of perspective appears in Mr. Thayer's account of Cavour's early struggles with politicians of far inferior mind and character; and the reader tires of the incessant sneers at politicians who are really minor shadows on the scene. When we come to Cavour's dealings with the greater characters, Mr. Thayer's habit of disparagement leads him into what many people will regard as injustice to Mazzini and Garibaldi. Every now and again Mr. Thayer writes a sentence or two to show that he is really quite aware that it is foolish to expect all the qualities of a diplomatist or statesman in Garibaldi; that the arts and excellences in which he is supreme are quite different; and that in judging his career this fundamental distinction must be kept in mind. But although the historian is continually reminding the partisan of this truth, Mr. Thayer is constantly judging Garibaldi by irrelevant standards, until at last he develops something like rancor against a soldier whose lapses and aberrations are far more deserving of pity. Thus he not only assails Garibaldi for his unfortunate and disturbing interventions in politics at a time when he could best serve his country by remaining quiet, but he also judges his conduct unfavorably in situations where there are other explanations for his conduct.

These faults notwithstanding, Mr. Thayer's book is remarkably interesting, and a very considerable achievement. He provides a very full account of Cavour's life and career, and that life and career must always remain one of the greatest events of the century. Garibaldi's victories and escape always seem the most amazing of the miracles of war. Cavour's victories appear more and more conspicuously, as we know more and more of his difficulties, as the most amazing of the miracles of politics. Almost everything was against him. He had nothing of the magician about him;

he was not on comfortable terms with his own King; he came from a Conservative stock, and was consequently suspect to democrats; in many respects he was better equipped for the functions of a great master of diplomacy in a country that had no constitutional government. The Europe from which he stole his wonderful triumphs contained no single Government or Power that was consistently and uniformly sympathetic to his aims. Even in England the Court and the Conservative Government that was turned out in 1859 were bitterly hostile; and when the great trio of Liberals, Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone, set to work to help the Liberal cause in Italy and Europe, they encountered the persistent opposition of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Napoleon the Third, who was of course indispensable, had very different designs for the future of Italy from those in the prosecution of which Cavour was clever enough to employ him. The world in which the Prime Minister of a living State was intriguing and finessing in order to create a nation was a strange combination of the old and the new, of antiquated and revolutionary diplomacy. We get an interesting picture of these different elements in the account of Cavour's momentous interview with Napoleon at Plombières in July, 1858. The story is excellently told by Mr. Thayer. Cavour arrived incognito and slept at a chemist's, the secret being so well kept between the two conspirators that the Emperor received a telegram from his Minister, Walewski, during his interview, announcing Cavour's arrival at Plombières. This interview was one of the decisive moments in the history of Europe. Napoleon and Cavour agreed upon war, but it was some time before they could find a pretext that would satisfy Napoleon's conditions, which were that it should be non-revolutionary, and a cause that would be justified in the eyes of Europe. Then came the question of Napoleon's price. The first payment that Napoleon asked for was Nice and Savoy; the second, the marriage of Victor Emmanuel's eldest daughter, Princess Clothilde, to the Emperor's cousin, Prince Napoleon. The Princess was fifteen, and the Prince's reputation was not such as to make this proposal very attractive to her father. But both demands were ultimately granted: the first in the name of the nineteenth-century doctrine of popular choice with the plausible forms of a plebiscite; the second in the spirit of a far more ancient diplomacy.

Cavour, whose subtlety of mind made him so incomparable a diplomatist, belonged in his political ideas to a simpler school. He was in fact very much of an English Liberal of the old type. He was from the first attracted to England. His earliest visit to England was made in 1835. He was then twenty-five, but in experience he was older. His opinions got him into trouble in the army, and his father, whose opinions were very different, had reluctantly decided to make the best of a bad business by allowing him to withdraw. From early days he had exhibited the influence of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Bentham, and in 1834 he prepared a Report on the English Poor Laws for the Statistical Commission. He had described his own position a year before in a long letter: "My desire is to see our Government enter the way of the *Golden Mean*, so that even if it did not adopt the entire system, it might, nevertheless, go forward with progressive steps in the political and social innovations which the times demand. All Europe gravitates towards the *Golden Mean* . . . I feel sure that, having danced round the Liberty Tree and caressed the Jesuits, you will rest on ground where are truth and moderation." It was natural that a man who held these views in the catastrophic atmosphere of the Piedmont of 1830 should look with special confidence and sympathy to the example and the inspiration of English politics. Another influence that helped to consolidate these sympathies was his experience as an agriculturist. For some years he acted as his father's agent, and devoted himself eagerly to agricultural enterprise much in the spirit of an enlightened English gentleman. When he found himself in England in 1835, he found himself in a world that appealed specially to his ideas. He saw a society in which a limited constitutional reform seemed to have established contentment and the prospects of peaceful progress. Political economy, which he would not hear spoken of as the dismal science, was making her wildest promises. Invention seemed to have opened up an infinite vista before the beneficent ambitions of capital. Orderly advance appeared certain; everybody in the world in





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which he moved was hopeful and confident, and the Parliamentary system in which Cavour, of course, was a great believer was apparently working with the greatest success. His visit to England confirmed all the general ideas which he had developed from his reading and his study of politics, and his great desire was to see established in Piedmont a Parliamentary system with two parties instead of a number of groups. Further, he was full of the spirit that dominated contemporary English ideas of trade and finance, and as Finance Minister in Piedmont in 1851 he approached a bewildering and difficult problem in the spirit of Gladstone and Peel. In a peroration that year he declared his belief in "the principle of liberty—in the principle of free competition, in the free development of the moral and intellectual man. This is the Economic School. These are the principles professed by those who rule in England." With these principles he contrasted those of the opposite School of the Socialists, whose chief allies were the Protectionist doctrines. A later generation has learnt the insufficiency of the ideas that seemed to Cavour, as they seemed to his English contemporaries, final and complete; but Cavour at least applied them, like Gladstone, with courage and great success in reforming the tariff. During most of his career he was occupied with the series of brilliant diplomatic stratagems that saved Italy from Europe, and his untimely death snatched him away at the moment when his other qualities were most needed. The problem of unifying Italy in spirit and civilisation, of redressing the abuses and replacing the neglect caused by centuries of misgovernment, of putting down the corruption and brigandage that were fostered by the Pope and the dethroned son of Bomba, of creating a vigorous and honest administration, protecting the nation from the vested interests—these problems would have been serious enough if his country had had the advantage of his pure and enlightened patriotism, his clear and resolute ideas, and his splendid and versatile genius. But Italy was to start on her new career in mourning for her one supreme politician.

#### MOODS.

"The Inn of Dreams." By OLIVE CUSTANCE (Lady Alfred Douglas). (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

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THE most striking thing about the present state of poetry in England is not its achievement, not quite definitely—save by inference—its promise, but its extraordinary activity. Poetry is not, and never has been, a popular thing in any wide sense of the word; this is a fact which people interested in the arts are apt to forget. We, being concerned in these things, form our closest ties with men of like interests, and we grow more confident of the leavening of popular taste. It is a good thing to ask ourselves at times how many of the people who live in the same road as we, or the same suburb, or the same town, care in the least about these matters. One in a hundred?—perhaps, at a favorable period, one in a thousand; scarcely, we suppose, more than that at any time. We do not, in making this reflection, undervalue the supreme importance of the arts. Maeterlinck, in saying that the soul of the peasant would not be what it is to-day had Plato or Plotinus, of whom he has never heard, not lived, endorses the precise truth that Shelley uttered when he said that poets were the unacknowledged legislators of the world. It is impossible to exaggerate the indirect influence of the arts, but, for purely practical reasons, it is important that those of us who are careful in their fostering should not exaggerate to ourselves their direct appeal. By doing so we merely lay up for ourselves unhappy disillusion. The sudden popularity of any creative art may mean one of a dozen things, but it does not mean that the people have suddenly acquired a new and strange wisdom. But although poetry is never popular, it has always shaped in some curious way a popular opinion about itself. The opinion would seem always to be wrong, but it exists. Fifty years ago poetry was commonly said to be failing because it detached itself too violently from its own age, whereas the truth is, of course, that the Victorian poets were in greatest danger of ineffectiveness when they reflected their own age

too closely. To-day the common opinion is that poetry is dead; not the critical opinion, of course, but the common opinion. Now, whatever poetry may or may not be to-day, it is tremendously alive. It may be uncertain in its aims, it may be harsh of voice and awkward of gesture, it may be following false gods, but never has it been farther from the truth than now to say that it is dead. That its life is healthy and of most heartening promise we fully believe, but opposition to the belief might be made with some show of reason. Of the life there can be no question—there can be merely an unintelligent denial. The new achievement is already considerable; by virtue of it more than one name is certain of remembrance. We are sure of W. B. Yeats, we are nearly as sure of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, though his full gathering is yet to be made, and we are no less confident of three or four others. Of the future we can but guess; that the genius of the coming years will express itself in dramatic form, as befits a great epoch, seems probable. In any case there is a wonderful stirring of poetic impulse about us, an exuberant activity.

All this may seem to be remote from any discussion of the two books of poems before us. In reality it is a necessary reflection. Neither Lady Alfred Douglas nor Miss Tynan belongs to the group of poets whose work is great with these stimulating possibilities, and for this reason there is a danger of their very distinct achievements being overlooked. Neither of these books bears the stamp of strong life, and at a time when the one outstanding concern of poetry is with strong life, when a healthy violence has not yet settled into clear strength, the appeal of their real qualities may easily be disregarded. It very frequently happens that in any great period of poetic activity there are to be found in the midst of it certain poets who are isolated in temper and aim, who are unaffected by the general purpose and character of the movement about them. They do not write with authority out of the deep experience of humanity, but delightfully out of their own dreams. There are, of course, always innumerable versifiers who do this badly and without distinction, but here and there we find one among them whose utterance has individuality, one who, having no wide horizons, yet brings real passion and the fine discipline of art to the expression of his own intimate perceptions. He has not the great note, but his note is true and of permanent charm and value. The two books we are now considering are admirable examples of our meaning. They have nothing in common except their isolation and the certainty with which they express their makers' moods.

Lady Alfred Douglas is, indeed, wholly a poet of moods. There is no unity of purpose in her work, and it leaves no cumulative impression. She is not in any way careful that it should do so. Every one of her poems is complete in itself, and, unless there should be an accidental recurrence of the mood, we need not look for its development or its echo. It is not by mere chance that her book is called "The Inn of Dreams," nor that she says on her first page:—

"My heart is like a lighted inn that waits  
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"You saw my window open wide,  
And woke me early, sister day!"

—we have the passion of "Endymion." To analyse the book would be to analyse each page. On two or three occasions only does the poet fail in being at once distinguished and convincing. The octave of the sonnet, "Spring in the South," is rather forced in its imagery, and the "Song against Care" has a poverty of feeling nowhere else to be found in the book. There are occasions when we are left with a vivid impression of the beauty of the words rather than with a deep imaginative quickening of our perception, as in the last lines of the following from "The Autumn Day":—

"How delicately steps the autumn day  
In azure cloak and gown of ashen grey,  
Over the level country that I love!"



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"With glittering veils of light about her head,  
And skirts of wide horizons round her spread,  
White as the white wing-feathers of a dove."

But these resorts of style are common to every poet. Diverse as these poems are in mood, they all alike show remarkable delicacy of craftsmanship. To Lady Alfred Douglas words are very intimate things. We quote "The Kingdom of Heaven":—

"O world that holds me by the wings,  
How shall my soul escape your snares?  
So dear are your delightful things,  
So difficult your toils and cares:  
That every way my soul is held  
By bonds of love, and bonds of hate;  
With all its heavenly ardors quelled,  
And all its angels desolate. . . ."

"Yet in the heart of every child,  
God and the world are reconciled."

Miss Katharine Tynan's book has greater unity of feeling; we are conscious, when we have read it, of a personality strongly charged with a faith conventional and yet deeply mystical. Her mood is uniformly that of a simple but passionate reverence for the beauty of the earth, children, motherhood, the symbols of Christianity. At its most intense moments the mood lifts her into real lyrical rapture, a rapture that, much as we mistrust such comparisons, cannot but remind us of Blake. We quote three stanzas from "The Making of Birds":—

"God made Him birds in a pleasant humor;  
Tired of planets and suns was He.  
Said He: I will add a glory to summer,  
Gifts for my creature banished from Me!

"Dearlings, He said, make songs for my praises!  
He tossed them loose to the sun and wind,  
Airily sweet, as pansies and daisies;  
He taught them to build a nest to their mind.

"The dear Lord God, of His glory weary—  
Christ our Lord had the heart of a boy—  
Made Him birds in a moment merry,  
Bade them soar and sing for His joy."

When the mood is less distinct in its inspiration we have an effect approaching tenuity, as, for example, in "Chaffinch"; and at these times the corners of Miss Tynan's style, which are curiously effective when she is writing at her best, become something very like affectation. In the poem from which we have quoted, "humor"—"summer," "weary"—"merry" may be allowed, but it needs a very rare precision of statement to make us accept "palaces" and "business" as rhymes. We forgive a poet these licenses on occasion, of course, but the occasion must be shown to be good. And the almost arbitrary variation of pause and stress that Miss Tynan uses in the structure of her lines has the same effect. When at her best, it lends distinction to her writing and frees it from all mechanical ease, but at other times it is apt to produce an air of importance at unimportant moments. But Miss Tynan is generally at her best in this book, and then she is as certainly a poet as many of greater compass. Her mood has intensity, and she reflects it in her poetry with clarity and beauty.

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"Gordon at Khartoum." By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. (Swift, 15s. net.)

MR. BLUNT has written the name of Gordon on the title-page of what is in effect the third volume of his memoirs. The last end of the hero is, indeed, the tragic thread which binds its reminiscences together, and it supplies some new facts towards the unravelling of that mystery of chivalry and muddle. But when all is said, we incline to think that the main interest of the book is still the career and personality of Mr. Blunt himself. Our race has never produced a man so violently un-English and yet so absolutely English. Every people has its disinterested idealists; the idiosyncrasy of the type which we breed is that it pursues its aims with a tenacity, a passion, a power of bending the facts and details of the moment to its end, which elsewhere men yoke only in the service of ambition and greed. Voltaire was the first foreigner to note this singularity of the national

character when he wrote his rapid sketch of William Penn. Mr. Blunt, poet, traveller, and man of the world, devoting a long life to the lost cause of Egyptian freedom and Arab nationalism, is a figure even more romantic in its blending of wild dreams and the practical will. One learns to know him in these pages—a singularly attractive personality, a man of tenacious hatreds and unwavering loyalties, not without his amiable and transparent egoism, but exalted as he moves among embassies and clubs, the hunting-field, and the racecourse, by his single-minded devotion to the interests of a race which appealed to him chiefly because it was helpless, despised, and unfortunate. One could wish that these memoirs had been less diffuse. The record of such a life, had it been compressed into a moderate compass, should have made one of the most readable and original autobiographies in our language. But there is a certain charm in the artlessness of this unedited diary. It is full of vivid pictures of the men of the last generation—of Gladstone, whom its author cordially hated, of Randolph Churchill, whom he loved, of Parnell, whom he admired, of his arch-enemy, Lord Cromer. It is packed with stimulating indiscretions and fragments of secret history.

The period of Egyptian history covered by this volume was at once the darkest and most uncertain period of the Occupation. Reaction after the Arabist adventure took its course unchecked. Mr. Blunt traces on scattered pages the fortunes of his friends. Some are in exile in Paris or Constantinople. The Khedive Tewfik, and the corrupt obscurantist Circassian Pashas, are pursuing their revenge against such of the popular party as remained in Egypt—the only item in which self-government survived. Mr. Blunt is collecting his evidence—to our thinking, convincing evidence—that the riots and massacres at Alexandria and Tintah were the work of the Court Party; but the Arabists who, in fact, sought to check these excesses are one by one condemned by packed and servile tribunals. Yet nothing of the final destinies of Egypt is settled as yet. Lord Cromer is proposing to reduce the Army of Occupation to a "corpsal's guard," stationed at Alexandria. Mr. Blunt produces a good deal of evidence to prove that Gladstone at one moment must have looked at the idea of recalling Arabi and restoring the Nationalist régime. To that end, indeed, Mr. Blunt directed all his agitations and intrigues. If he failed, it was certainly not because the British Government was resolutely bent on a permanent occupation, nor yet because the power of finance was supreme. We must confess that Mr. Blunt, in spite of his devotion to Arabi and his intimate knowledge of the man and his ideas, wholly fails to justify his enthusiasm. Arabi was honest, a sincere patriot, a man of some moral courage and force; but his lack of political insight, his cowardice in the field, and his inability to judge men made him an impossible leader. Egypt produced no better man, and for that failure she lost her chance of nationhood.

The main outlines of the story of Gordon's mission to the Sudan are already well-known, and it would be difficult to add much in the way of condemnation and exposure to that ghastly chapter of muddle, vacillation, and wanton slaughter. Mr. Blunt saw much at close quarters of the tragedy at its London end, and fits together—partly by documents and partly by inference—a consecutive story of the intrigues and the misunderstandings. He is probably right when he minimises the part which Mr. Stead and the "Pall Mall Gazette" played in the despatch of Gordon. The responsibility lay primarily with Lord Hartington, Lord Northbrook, and Sir Charles Dilke, and the Press was their echo and auxiliary. Mr. Blunt thinks that the instructions which they gave to Gordon were criminally vague, and that no one, unless, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone, really supposed that Gordon's mission was only to report on the state of the Sudan. Mr. Blunt's chief purpose is to prove that the intention from the first was that Gordon, while withdrawing the Egyptian troops and the small white population, should establish some permanent government, strong enough to hold Khartoum against the Mahdi. Lord Cromer, in "Modern Egypt," would have us believe that it was a native Mohammedan officer whom he proposed to send up to discharge this mission. He even goes so far as to misquote his own telegram to Lord Granville. He informs us in "Modern Egypt" (p. 424) that he wrote "it will be necessary to send an officer of



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high authority to Khartoum to withdraw the garrisons and to make the best arrangements he can for the future of the country." What, in fact, Lord Cromer wrote was "an English officer." The omission of this vital word can hardly be accidental, and it is enough to put us on our guard as to the whole value of Lord Cromer's apologetic methods in history. The fact is that Lord Cromer had a strong and natural prejudice against Gordon. They had quarrelled violently in the past, and their temperaments were antipathetic. But for the general plan of sending a British officer to Khartoum, Lord Cromer shared the responsibility to the full. The plan failed primarily because neither Lord Cromer, nor the Cabinet, nor even Gordon, had the faintest conception of the genius and the power of the Mahdi. It broke down in detail, because the Cabinet at home, against the united wish of Lord Cromer, Gladstone, Gordon, and Colonel Stewart, vetoed the only condition which might have made the plan workable. The text of the Khedive's commission to Gordon, which Mr. Blunt cites for the first time in full, makes it clear that the task imposed on him was quite as much to provide permanently for order in the Sudan as to withdraw the garrison. The only possible method was to install there, as Governor, the ex-slave trader Zobeir Pasha, a man of high Arab lineage, great wealth, local influence, and, above all, capacity and courage. But though the Cabinet knew that Gordon himself had meanwhile legalised slavery in the Sudan, it dared not face Parliament with the confession that it had handed the country over to a slave-trader. The working of scruples in all this business makes a curious study in national conscience. There was nothing more improper in this proposal than in Granville's early plan of using Abdul Hamid to destroy the Arabist movement. Zobeir, we imagine, would have succumbed to the Mahdi rather more rapidly than Gordon, but his coming would have allowed Gordon to withdraw with honor and safety. Mr. Blunt's documents add something to the emotional records of the tragedy. He prints an angry fragment from Gordon, written in Khartoum a month before the end, in which he declares that if he should escape, he will "accept nothing whatever from Gladstone's Government. I will not even let them pay my expenses. I will never put foot in England again." There is also here what is, to our thinking, the most impressive of the several narratives of Gordon's end, gathered from a Turkish sergeant-major who escaped from captivity in 1887. He sat passive in a chair at the palace door awaiting the dervishes, and forbade his guards to fire, repeating continually the phrase "To-day Gordon is going to be killed." The dervish leader told Gordon that he had orders to bring him alive to the Mahdi. He answered that he would die where he was, and quietly looked the man in the face as the sword fell and severed his head.

The whole tragedy of Gordon's end is one of chances thrown away. Mr. Blunt has his own personal contribution to make—the story of the repeated rejection by Mr. Gladstone of his chivalrous offer to go in person as an envoy to the Mahdi to arrange terms of peace on the basis of evacuation. It is conceivable that a peaceful evacuation might have been arranged in this way, and Mr. Blunt had connections and, above all, a prestige among the Arabs which might have enabled him to achieve success. His motive was to end the slaughter, and secure the liberties of a race he loved. But we confess a doubt whether any permanent peace could have been secured by treaty. Mr. Blunt's own Nationalist sympathies tempt him to regard the Mahdist movement primarily as a rising to free the Sudan from foreign rule. It was that, but it was more. It was a fierce insurgence of a primitive and, so to speak, Biblical Mohammedanism, which aimed by preaching and the sword at a restoration of the early faith in its austere simplicity. The present writer has heard from the lips of no less a person than Osman Digna how the Mahdi began his mission by a summons, first to the Khedive and then to the Sultan, to repent, to discard innovations, to restore the purity of the law. That movement, if the Mahdi had lived, could not have been arrested in the Sudan. No envoy, however sympathetic, could have persuaded the prophet to narrow his world-wide mission into a Sudanese nationalism.

## WOMEN IN IMPERIAL ROME.

"The Women of the Cæsars." By GUGLIELMO FERRERO.  
(Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS work is as vivid and interesting as the author's "Greatness and Decline of Rome." It is written, presumably, in order to present realistically the influences at work in the times of the first Roman Emperors. There is nothing new in the details of fact referred to by the author—no investigation of inscriptions or monuments, no original conception of the political situations; but certainly it is skilfully-written history. It is a brilliant essay rather than an historical treatise. It is popular; but, in the best sense of that word. To attract the general reader, however, it seems hardly necessary to "illustrate" history by melodramatic pictures. The book contains good reproductions of Roman portrait-sculpture, beside which the modern pseudo-historical pictures which are reproduced seem vulgar. Again, perhaps with an eye upon a public, the language at times approaches the manner of the American dialect.

As for the historical value of the treatment, the author seems to confine himself to the hints as to the women of the Cæsars given by Tacitus and Suetonius. He corrects the bias of Tacitus and criticises the love of scandal shown by Suetonius. His treatment of the Messalina episode—the marriage of Messalina and Silius—is interesting. In that, as in the early part of the work, it seems right that we should allow for the political view of marriage in vogue among the upper classes under the early Empire. Perhaps the marriage of Messalina and Silius was such an "arrangement" as that which gave Livia to Augustus. In any case, it is obvious that domestic affection and marriages for love were practically unknown in the upper classes during the last days of the Republic and the early days of the Empire. And marriages do not seem to have been any less successful because they were arranged for political reasons. In Rome the feelings were not considered so important as they have been, in theory at least, since the Middle Ages. The husband of Livia was quite willing to give her in marriage, with a dowry, to Augustus. It is true that Tiberius seems to have been much hurt when he had to divorce a woman he loved in order to contract a marriage of greater political value; but, though he suffered, he followed the Roman custom. Perhaps discipline and the interests of the State did suppress too much the personal affections—individuals may have suffered more than was necessary. But it is undeniable that the Roman neglect of personal affection in the arrangement of marriage produced some excellent results. The vagaries of youthful Emperors, and the love of scandal among historians, should not hide the value of that Roman practice which made individual happiness secondary to the interests of the community. For this reason, the first chapter in Professor Ferrero's work, that in which he deals with the Roman idea of marriage, is the most valuable.

It remains to be said that, although it is possible to consider the influence of women in the early Empire as important, the history of the times is not really much concerned with women. The better women are hardly mentioned by the historians. The old Roman idea of the place of woman as matron in the household was still strong at the death of Nero. And even when a Messalina affected politics, it was as a destructive influence that she drew attention to herself. The history of the Women of the Cæsars ends indeed with a tragedy—the murder of Agrippina—precisely because a direct influence on politics could not really be exercised by any woman in ancient Rome. Every Roman Emperor needed a consort, but it was for social or religious reasons; and never do we find any idea that a woman could rule in her own name. It is true that among the Romans women held a more public and a freer position than was usual among nations of the ancient world; Professor Ferrero makes the passage to this effect in Cornelius Nepos the text of his discourse; but in the end one is left with the impression that it was a very restricted freedom—indeed, hardly more than a decorative slavery—which was allowed to women even in the Roman Empire.

But for indirect influence on the politics of the day, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the power of Roman women. The struggle in the early Empire was really between two opposite ideas of civilisation: on the one side were the old beliefs in discipline and an honest, if narrow, life; on



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Jennie Gerhardt is the daughter of a German emigrant, a hardworking and God-fearing Lutheran glass-blower, who, crippled by illness and a failing industry in Columbus, has to watch the prolonged struggle of his wife and six children to keep a roof over his head. Mr. Dreiser manages to draw in Gerhardt a figure typical of a great host of emigrant workmen who remain mere hewers of wood and drawers of water in the New World which has allured them by the glamor of its "opportunities." Gerhardt's old-fashioned virtues are not set off by the longheadedness which, in the case of the Irish emigrant, Archibald Kane, is to raise himself and his son Robert into the ranks of the "business kings." While glass-blowing is a dying industry, wagon-building has been booming, and old Kane, having started well, has built up a great business at Cincinnati, where he has brought up his family of five children in "a sumptuous mansion, whose very stones spoke of a splendid dignity and of a refined luxury." Accordingly, though old Gerhardt and old Kane have started level in the race, Jennie Gerhardt is employed in cleaning the steps of a big hotel when Lester Kane is a "club-man" and a partner in a wealthy firm at a salary of 15,000 dollars a year.

Before she meets Lester Kane, Jennie Gerhardt has known little but hardship and misfortune. At the age of eighteen, her beauty, purity, and sweetness of nature have attracted the admiration of "a friend," the rich, distinguished Senator Brander, who, honestly meaning to marry her, has inconspicuously died a month after seducing her. But Jennie's social misfortune and her illegitimate child, Vesta, are not the cause of Lester Kane's decision to make her only his mistress, for she conceals her past from him, and, woman-like, keeps putting off the evil day of confession till it is too late. Lester Kane takes advantage of "the largeness of her sympathy, peculiar softness, and sweetness of disposition, and pre-eminent femininity"; but the society which frowns on her as his mistress does not encourage him to make her his wife. The author depicts with skill the shadow of social ostracism which steals upon the man who goes his own way in defiance of society.

The philosophic soundness of Mr. Dreiser's charitable, un-

impassioned survey of human conduct acting according to the pressure of social custom, is indeed indissoluble from his weakness as an artist. Repeatedly, at the very moment of emotional crisis, when a character should reveal his innermost nature by his shades of feeling, a sort of philosophic mist descends on the scene, and his characters seem to lose identity and merge into types and species. It is a curious defect in a novelist. Mr. Dreiser sketches admirably, for example, the type of the cold, conventional, hard man of business, Robert Kane, "with his Scottish Presbyterian conscience mixed with 'an Asiatic perception of the main chance,'" who cunningly ousts his more generous-natured, less cautious brother, Lester Kane, from his position in the firm; but a true artist would have seized on a dramatic moment of conflict between the brothers, and have held us breathless with suspense. This moment never comes, and the author fails to touch the nerves of our sympathies, just as he fails to reach the quick when the innocent Jennie finds she is going to be a mother, or when Lester Kane decides to "give her up," in order to make a conventional marriage with a society woman whom he likes but does not love. Mr. Dreiser fails to fuse his carefully selected materials in the true artist's crucible of feeling. It is an interesting failure, and one, we are inclined to believe, that has its genesis in American civilisation. It is only fair both to him and our readers to give a typical example of his philosophic method:—

"Lester had no idea of making anything like a serious proposal to a servant-girl. But Jennie was different. He had never seen a servant quite like her. And she was lady-like and lovely without appearing to know it. Why, this girl was a rare flower! Why shouldn't he try to seize her? Let us be just to Lester Kane; let us try to understand him and his position. Not every mind is to be estimated by the weight of a single folly; not every personality is to be judged by the drag of a single passion. We live in an age in which the impact of materialised forces is well-nigh irresistible; the spiritual nature is overwhelmed by the shock. The tremendous and complicated development of our material civilisation, the multiplicity and variety of our social forms, the depth, subtlety, and sophistry of our imaginative impressions, gathered, multiplied, and disseminated by such agencies as the railroad, the express and the post-office, the telephone, the telegraph, the newspaper, and, in short, the whole machinery of social intercourse—these elements of existence combine to produce what may be termed a kaleidoscopic glitter, a dazzling and confusing phantasmagoria of life that wearies and stupefies the mental and moral nature. It induces a sort of intellectual fatigue through which we see the ranks of the victims of insomnia, melancholia, and insanity constantly recruited. Our modern brain-pan does not seem capable as yet of receiving, sorting, and storing the vast army of facts and impressions which present themselves daily. The white light of publicity is too white. We are weighed upon by too many things. It is as if the wisdom of the infinite were struggling to beat itself into finite and cup-big minds. . . . Lester Kane was past the youthful love period, and he knew it. The innocence and unsophistication of younger ideals had gone. He wanted the comfort of feminine companionship, but he was more and more disinclined to give up his personal liberty in order to obtain it."

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many monks, and drove several to suicide, is an interesting topic. It seems to have been the medieval equivalent of the feeling that found expression in Senancour, and other writers of the Romantic School, and which came, in later years, to be called the "maladie du siècle." The imaginary dialogues that compose the "Secret" were not published until after Petrarch's death. They were written about 1342, when he was thirty-eight, and, as Mr. Draper well says, they possess the interest that belongs to an autobiographical confession written from that high tableland that divides youth from age, and showing how the march of time forces its author "to see things with a more mature vision."

\* \* \*

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to excessive drinking. Wine is the common drink, and its abuse, Mr. Bagot assures us, is no less deleterious than that of spirituous liquors. Mr. Bagot makes no secret of his "dislike of and distrust for democracy," and some of the conclusions inspired by this dislike are not likely to win general assent. But, as a whole, the book is an able and fair-minded account of a country concerning which the author can speak with the authority of long and intimate acquaintance.

## The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, December 22.	Price Friday morning, December 29.
Consols	77½	77
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THE rush to the Bank has been resumed, and there has been an exceptionally heavy business in loans and discounts. Exports of gold to Argentine are, however, likely to be checked, as rains have unluckily spoiled the harvest in many places. The Lancashire lock-out will also reduce trade demands. The Stock Exchange holiday came to an end on Wednesday, which was also carry-over day. The final account of the year is always heavy, and money rates were high, the Joint Stock banks charging 5 per cent. for new money and 4½ per cent. for renewals. The changes during the account included an advance of no less than 35 in London General Omnibus, 18 in Royal Mail Steam, 14 in Union Castle, 13 in P. & O. Deferred, and 11 in National Telephone Deferred. Changes in the Home Railway Market during the account were mostly favorable, but in the American Railway Market adverse, though Steel Common rose 4½ points. In the Foreign Market, Greek issues improved, and Chinese railway bonds receded; but the feature was the rise in Japanese issues, several of the 4½ per cent. stock improving more than a point. The taste for Japanese bonds has fallen off during the year, and prices have sagged. But, as probably fifty millions of British money are invested in Japanese securities, it may be useful to show (from mails just to hand) that there has been good reason for the recovery of the last week or two. On the other hand, the yield of Japanese issues is not high, and until the problem of Chinese Government is solved, investors in the Far East may well exercise caution.

### RETRENCHMENTS IN JAPAN.

More than a fortnight ago it was announced by telegram from Tokio that Mr. Yamamoto had made an alarmist speech about the condition of public finances, in reply to the powerful influences which were demanding an expansion of armaments. It was thought that the combined forces of the army and navy were irresistible, but financial criticism has happily prevailed, and the new Japanese Budget shows practically no increase of expenditure, though the Sinking Fund is maintained at five millions. It seems that the navy authorities demanded a special credit of about seventeen millions to be spread over five or ten years. This has been reduced to four-and-a-half millions, and only about £230,000 is to be spent next year. An even more important triumph for Mr. Yamamoto is his successful opposition to the project of the Minister of War, who demanded two additional army divisions for Korea. It was said, as is so often said in England, that if the Ministers of War and of Navy could not get their way they would resign. But they have not resigned. In addition to these successes, Mr. Yamamoto has succeeded in postponing the expenditure for the great exhibition as well as a costly project for converting various railways in Japan from narrow to wide gauge. Many other expensive Government projects are also to be dropped, and it seems to be quite likely that next year the Japanese tax-payers will receive substantial relief. All this, from the point of view of British investors, is to the good, for there has been real danger of a popular rising against prices and taxes.

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